KERENSKY reviews "In Stalin's Secret Service"

LIBRARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS

The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXI No. 5 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1939 FIFTEEN CENTS

"SAMUEL JONES TILDEN"
By Alexander Clarence Flick
Reviewed by Paul H. Buck

"THE SOUTH TO POSTERITY"
By Douglas Southall Freeman
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

"LIQUOR, THE SERVANT OF MAN"
By Walton Hall Smith and Ferdinand C. Helwig
Reviewed by Antonio Ciocco, M.D.

"FROM NAZI SOURCES: WHY HITLER CAN'T WIN"
By Fritz Sternberg
Reviewed by Toni Stolper

"WOE UNTO YOU, LAWYERS!"
By Fred Rodell
Reviewed by James Reid Parker

"IVANHOE KEELER"
By Phil Stong
Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell

"WHISTLER'S FATHER"
By Albert Parr
Reviewed by Manya Gordon

Portrait by D. Huntington, 1882

SAMUEL J. TILDEN: "Was he actually elected President of the United States?" . . . *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's obvious already!

That every well-considered list of BOOKS-FOR-GIFTS *this year will include these four—*

A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP by Mary Ellen Chase

"She has produced a book of delightful remembrance and commentary. Although in a sense a sequel to *A Goodly Heritage,* it can be fully enjoyed by itself. And although it contains much thoughtful consideration of the practice and theory of teaching, it is bright with sharp, shrewd laughter and alive with interesting characters."—*New York Times.* $2.50.

SOMETIME—NEVER by Clare Leighton

"An unusual personal record. She recaptures moments that make for joy in living. A rare experience in sensory autobiography; events are recast through the nose, the eye, the ear. One offers it with humility to those who have seen their harvests destroyed." (Original lithographic chalk drawings by the author.) $3.50.

CAPTAIN ABBY and CAPTAIN JOHN by Robert P. Tristram Coffin

"It is my guess that, as time goes on, this will become a minor American classic. Mr. Coffin . . . has done nothing else comparable to this in its valuable Americanism."—*New York Times.* $2.50.

MAUD *Edited and Arranged* by Richard Lee Strout

"A delicious, intimate, surprising picture of Victorian America."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "Only such terms as 'lovely' and 'delightful' can describe it."—*N. Y. World Telegram.* "The literary find of the Autumn. Enough plots, costumes, romance for fifty historical novels."—*Chicago News.* $3.50.

It isn't too early to decide now who will be the lucky ones on your list.

The Macmillan Company — 60 Fifth Avenue — New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind the Bolshevist Mask

BY

ALEXANDER KERENSKY

British Combine

Molotov signing the pact for the division of Poland. Behind him, Staff Officer Stapostnikov, Ribbentrop, Stalin, and the Secretary of the German Embassy, Perlow.

MR. W. G. KRIVITSKY'S book* is one of the most valuable, most interesting, and at the same time one of the most frightening books of our epoch. Its author was only yesterday a high official of long standing in the Military Intelligence Service and Bolshevik underground work abroad. "I was," writes Mr. Krivitsky, "in a position from the very beginning to observe closely the working of the Comintern. I took a direct political and military part in its revolutionary actions abroad for eighteen years. . . . I was one of the executive arms of Stalin's intervention in Spain . . ."

Until lately (November, 1937) he was the chief of the Soviet Military Secret Service in Western Europe, and so held one of the key positions in the executive machine of Stalin's dictatorship abroad. He is still sympathetic with the socialist movement, but has become convinced that the policies of the Soviet government were not in the best interests of the proletariat. He has, of course, known a great many more mysteries of the Bolshevik government than the average official representative or ambassador abroad, even than many of the high functionaries in Moscow.

Reading Mr. Krivitsky's book I am convinced that the author does not tell all he knows; but that what he says is the truth. For a man not initiated into the methods of Bolshevik workings this recital of Krivitsky's seems quite unbelievable, even fantastic. But we who know from other trustworthy sources many of the facts here recounted "have no doubt that the author is right."

The book is well written and translated, and is of such compelling interest that once started it is difficult to put it down until it is finished. The account of Stalin's double game with London on the one side and with Hitler on the other; the description of the underground adventures of Stalin's agents in Western Europe and in the United States; the horrible picture of the activities of the O.G.P.U. and the story of the famous "confessions" wrung from the victims of the Moscow trials; the remarkable and documented story of how Stalin once counterfeited dollars; the report of the execution of the Red generals; and finally the personal adventure of the escape of the author from Stalin's agents at the moment of his rupture with Moscow:—all these stories read like the exciting pages of one of Edgar Wallace's novels, more thrilling than the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" or "The Count of Monte Cristo;" but with the difference that these are the adventures of real men of human flesh and blood.

But this book was by no means written for amusement. It is very serious political testimony and a courageous act of conscience. The author, without sparing himself, exposes all the antidemocratic maneuvers of the Bolsheviks, unmasks them, and tells the truth of the unprecedented conspiracy against the well-being of mankind. He writes:

> Now that it has become painfully clear that the worst way of fighting Hitler is to mitigate the crimes of Stalin, all those who were maneuvered into that folly ought to speak. If these last tragic years have taught us anything, it is that the march of totalitarian barbarism cannot be halted by strategic retreats to positions of half-truth and falsehood. While no one can dictate the method by which civilized Europe will restore to man his dignity and worth, I think that all those not destined for the camp of Hitler and Stalin, will agree that *truth* must be the first weapon, and murder must be called by its real name.

During the last few years many remarkable books about Soviet Russia have been published: for example, Professor Tchernavin's "I Speak for the Silent," Chamberlin's "Age of Iron," Eugene Lyons's "Assignment in Utopia." In those books the whole tragedy of a great nation under the yoke of the Bolshevik dictatorship was exposed. Before the eyes of the Western public were subsequently unfolded the famous political Moscow trials: the purges in which thousands of people perished and the high command of the army, navy, and air-force was exterminated.

No imaginary realm of socialism, but the horrible reality of Soviet Russia, was exposed to the conscience of Western civilization. The result was paradoxical: the more merciless and cynical Stalin was in Russia, the higher mounted the admiration of Western public opinion, of the League of Nations, of governmental circles towards the Stalin regime! All was permitted to Stalin in Russia with only one condition:—that Stalin remained the mighty defender of democracy, freedom, and peace against the attacks of the Rome-Berlin axis. Western democracy sold its moral birthright for the problematic promises of Stalin to aid, with the might of the Red Army, the struggle against Hitler.

For his part, Stalin understood quite well the European complex and exploited the situation in his diplomatic poker-play. In some political and governmental circles in Moscow there ex-

Next Week

CHRISTMAS ISSUE

*IN STALIN'S SECRET SERVICE. By W. G. Krivitsky. New York: Harper & Bros. 1939. 273 pp. $3.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

isted the fear of this double-crossing of Western democracy.

> True enough, there were those in the Soviet government who cautioned Stalin against staging show trials of the Bolshevik Old Guard—not only because of the effect on the country, but because they might alienate the pro-Soviet forces abroad. Stalin insisted that the country would stand for it, and contemptuously dismissed the latter objection with the remark: "Europe will swallow it all!"

As a matter of fact Europe only choked at the last moment on the crumb of the Hitler-Stalin agreement.

Stalin's transition from the Popular Front to the Totalitarian Front was too quick, too brutal, and too unexpected to all those people who for years and years had remained under the spell of the magnificent Bolshevik propaganda, and to those who did not wish their eyes opened to the reality of Russian life and the Bolshevik policy. The unique and exceptional significance of Krivitsky's book is that it gives a picture of Bolshevism, or rather of Stalinism, in its true semblance, without mask.

Krivitsky tells us that without any doubt the Bolshevism of the time of the Popular Front was the same then as it is now; that there is no difference and that there has been no betrayal by Stalin, because all this time Stalin was consciously preparing to strike democracy in the back. Krivitsky very truly explains the goal of the Popular Front created by Stalin and Dimitroff in 1935. After a period of almost eighteen years all attempts by Moscow to destroy capitalism, with the aid of the Comintern, during times of peace, were miserably ineffective.

> Moscow sent its agents to every corner of the earth. It planned mass insurrections and military uprisings in Europe, in the Far East, and in the Western Hemisphere. And finally, when all those efforts failed, it embarked in 1935 upon its last source of political action, the Popular Front. In this final period, with the new weapons of camouflage and compromise, it made its greatest drive, penetrating into the organs of public opinion and even the governmental institutions of the leading democratic nations.

But Krivitsky does not give any answer to the question of why Stalin transformed the Comintern into a weapon of camouflage and compromise. Krivitsky is in error in imagining that the final course of the Comintern is "the end of the Communist International." For me it is quite obvious from the description of the failure of the work of the Comintern during the years of peace why Stalin dismissed and destroyed all the founders of the Third International. These old-fashioned "comrades" never could understand that for the international victory of the World Revolution it was necessary to begin by creating the preliminary conditions in Europe. These conditions would be created only under the strain of a great, long, and exhausting imperialistic *war;* and Krivitsky forgets that since 1929 Stalin has foreseen the inevitability of this war and has used every effort to accelerate its inception.

Of course this imperialistic war must explode only in the countries under the yoke of "rotten capitalism."

There is not the slightest doubt that Stalin could avoid Russian participation in the war only by making the special agreement with Hitler. "Stalin," writes Krivitsky, "wants to avoid war at any cost. He fears war most.

Pinchot

W. G. Krivitsky

If Hitler will assure him peace, even at the price of important economic concessions, he will give Hitler a free hand in all these directions." At the very time that the Communist parties in the West followed an anti-Hitler policy and demonstrated their patriotism, Stalin had no idea of breaking with Germany. On the contrary, he was seeking to draw Berlin closer to Moscow.

The chapter "Stalin Appeases Hitler" is one of the most important in Krivitsky's book. I must emphasize that the exposure of the secret relations between Moscow and Berlin were published by Mr. Krivitsky for the first time a few months *before* Von Ribbentrop's famous journey to Moscow for the conclusion of the agreement of August 23rd. It is interesting that even in December, 1936, M. Sloutski, the chief of the foreign section of the O.G.P.U. told Krivitsky: "We have set our course toward an early understanding with Hitler and have started negotiations. They are progressing favorably." And even earlier, in 1934, Radek, at that time Stalin's intimate councillor of foreign affairs, declared in a conversation with Krivitsky:

> Only fools can imagine we would ever break with Germany. What I am writing here is one thing—the realities are something else. No one can give us what Germany has given us. For us to break with Germany is simply impossible.

What Radek wrote in *Isvestia* and *Pravda* at that time did not correspond to the realities. "Radek's task was to whitewash the Versailles Peace, to herald a new era of friendship with Paris, to persuade Soviet sympathizers abroad that such a stand was harmonious with Communism."

By playing the role of defender of democracy, and supporter of the Versailles Treaty, Stalin dug a pit for the Western democracies. And his ruse succeeded! In France, writes Krivitsky, the Popular Front "was so intimately tied up with the Franco-Soviet alliance that it all but captured the governmental structures. . . . Behind the scenes the O.G.P.U. and Soviet Military Intelligence were working feverishly for a stranglehold on the state institution of France." In Great Britain "anti-fascist slogans captured a substantial number of students, writers, and trade union leaders," and—I must add—a substantial number of conservative and even die-hard politicians. In the United States "with the thousands of recruits enlisted under the banner of democracy, by carefully concealing their identity Communists found their way into hundreds of key positions . . . by a maneuver of simply erasing the Comintern's label and stamping anti-Hitlerism in its place."

By the slogan, "Hitlerism must be destroyed," Stalin hypnotized all circles of Western democracy and paralyzed their critical faculties. Writers and workers, politicians and chiefs of armies blindly believed that the might of the Red Army, "brilliantly" organized by Stalin and Voroshilloff, would stop Hitler's imperialistic plans. While just at that very moment, Stalin with the aid of Berlin destroyed the High Command of the Red Army!

In the summer of 1937, writes Krivitsky, Stalin "executed Marshall Tukhachevsky and his associates as German spies at the very moment when he himself, after months of secret negotiation, was on the verge of closing a deal with Hitler. Stalin used 'fake' evidence imported from Germany and

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Joseph Hilton Smyth, President; Harrison Smith, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription $4 a year. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXI, No. 5. November 25, 1939. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Tilden

SAMUEL JONES TILDEN. By Alexander Clarence Flick. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1939. 597 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by PAUL H. BUCK

MR. FLICK has written a distinguished biography of a major figure in our political history. It will immediately assume a place as a standard work on the post-Civil War period. Inasmuch as Tilden has been the subject of only one biography since his death in 1886, and that biography was written by a lifelong friend who was primarily interested in defending a hero he considered badly maligned, Mr. Flick's work has the added merit of being a book that was much needed and one that fills a serious gap in our historical literature.

A life of Tilden is interesting reading because Tilden's career was throughout provocative and at times it became extremely dramatic. Tilden was a problem of interpretation to his contemporaries and he remains one to us. The elements of his character were curiously compounded. Throughout his life he gave evidence of a genuine faith in the service of democracy as a pattern of civil life. The apex of his career was reached in the years from 1870 to 1876 when he fought the Tweed Ring, smashed the corrupt Canal Ring in New York state politics, and ran for the Presidency on a platform of reform. In those years he captured the popular imagination and he became the symbolic leader through whom might be effected "a tremendous peaceful revolution through the ballot box."

Yet there was also the Tilden who was the outstanding corporation lawyer of his period. In this role he grew rich in much the same manner as other acquisitive men of the "robber-baron" era aggrandized their personal power. He shared much of their outlook, as is evidenced by his income tax returns, his laissez-faire stand on the role of government in business, his undeveloped views on social problems, his conservatism on financial issues, the liaison which he encouraged between politics and business for the benefit of the latter, and his loyalty to the party with great distrust for independence. Yet this man, so thoroughly identified with the business interests of his era, was also the man who led the movement to reform politics from its corrupt alliance with business. He at least had kept himself free from dishonesty in private affairs, and he abhorred corruption in public life.

Critics imbued with the social philosophy of our own day might question Tilden's claim to greatness as a reform leader. They would say that his one basic reform, honesty in politics, was at best negative and superficial. It failed to reach down into an understanding of the basic conditions which were making for dishonesty. There may be truth in this criticism, but it tends to overlook one factor dominant in the 1870s—the strength of an inherited moral code which influenced Tilden as it did many of his

Between Two Fires (a Tilden cartoon from *Harper's Weekly*).

contemporaries. The public was shocked and outraged by stories of corruption. The moral resentment ran so strong that it swept everything before it in a movement to drive the rascals out of office and to punish them. Tilden shared in this indignation. Insofar as he exemplified it he reached his stature of greatness. He became, as Whittier expressed it, "the man to strike down fraud with resolute hand."

The major event in Tilden's life was of course the disputed election of 1876. Was he actually elected President of the United States? Historians have for the most part arrived at an affirmative answer, and Mr. Flick's summary of the evidence would seem to remove all further reason for doubt. The narrative of how Tilden was "counted out" also seems well established. But the question of who was responsible for Tilden's not entering the office to which he was elected is fraught with many difficulties. The reputations of many individuals are involved, especially those of Tilden himself and Abram S. Hewitt, the Chairman in 1876 of the Democratic National Committee. Mr. Flick may not give a final answer to this involved question, but he is to be commended for the judicious manner in which he analyzes evidence and the moderate restraint of his judgments.

The solid merits of Mr. Flick's book will appeal primarily to those who appreciate honest, competent, and restrained scholarship. Mr. Flick does not indulge in the sort of speculative interpretation that characterizes Matthew Josephson's "The Politicos" or the partisan fervor found in Claude Bowers's "The Tragic Era." He remains strictly within the limitations of his evidence. That evidence is impressive for its exhaustive range. It derives from years of painstaking and accurate research on Tilden and a background of many more years devoted to historical study. Complete at-homeness with his subject, skilled craftsmanship in assimilating his sources, and judicious poise in integrating his material to the broader pattern of American history are qualities which distinguish Mr. Flick's work.

Paul H. Buck is on the faculty of Harvard University, and author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning history, "The Road to Reunion."

Whitewashing the Demon Rum

LIQUOR, THE SERVANT OF MAN. By Walton Hall Smith and Ferdinand C. Helwig, M.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. 273 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ANTONIO CIOCCO, M.D.

THE almost universal habit of drinking liquor for the sake of its well-known and mostly pleasant effects is one of the earliest behavioristic traits acquired by man. The persistence of this habit for so many centuries is in a way remarkable, since at all times small but very determined and vociferous groups of persons have insisted that the use of alcohol is physically and spiritually detrimental to the individual and the race. Although the activities of these minorities have from time to time resulted in such temporary social phenomena as the "noble experiment," on the whole their arguments have never been successful in weaning man away from the demon rum. Their lack of success is in part due to their strange logic, which has led them to use as proof of the general consequences of drink the relatively few instances where together with an excessive use of liquor one finds evidence of a mental, moral, or physical breakdown. Nevertheless, today, partly because of the activities of reform-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers, partly for other reasons, the general public possesses a number of erroneous notions about what the effects of alcohol in the forms generally imbibed actually are on the human system. This book, which results from the collaboration of a professional writer and a pathologist, is an attempt to remedy the situation and to furnish the layman with a clearer understanding of what physical consequences are to be expected from the customary use of alcoholic beverages.

In a racy, journalistic style the authors first of all outline a few highlights in the history of the use of liquor. They proceed then to describe the physiological and pathological effects of alcohol on the principal body organs: the heart, lungs, kidneys, and brain; and in particular discuss the relation of alcohol to cirrhosis of the liver, arteriosclerosis, and polyneuritis. In the sections that follow they touch upon the questions of alcohol and sex behavior, and advance some psychological explanations for the use and misuse of liquor. The efforts of the authors are on the whole directed towards demonstrating the thesis that "habitual liquor drinking by a healthy person causes no organic injury." They emphasize that the "customary amount" of drinking is harmless, that alcohol is not an aphrodisiac but in fact acts as a sedative and is also a food. All of this is based on sound scientific evidence, although the reader should beware of such terms as "customary amount," "healthy person," and "no organic injury," and not read in them meanings and implications which are not there. For in their enthusiasm to destroy the fearful picture of the evils of drink as painted by the reformers, the authors have weakened their arguments somewhat by using at times a clever dialectic that is in substance no different from that used by the opponents of alcohol. For example, they make much use of such sentences as: "Alcohol . . . is less poisonous than most of the other natural secretions such as thyroid, pituitary, adrenal, pancreas, and bile." Bald statements such as this have all the earmarks of propaganda. If such assertions were duly amplified, it would be seen that facts mentioned have no bearing on the question of liquor-drinking and certainly do not demonstrate that alcohol is completely innocuous, the impression that the authors are apparently trying to create. By adopting such tactics the authors have reduced the value of this book, which is otherwise interesting and amusing, and contains a particularly well-chosen and well-annotated bibliography.

Dr. Antonio Ciocco is on the staff of the National Institute of Health.

The Lost Cause in Literature

THE SOUTH TO POSTERITY. By Douglas Southall Freeman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. 235 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

As Dr. Freeman wittily explains in his introduction, the writing of this book came about somewhat as an act of self-defense. After "Gone with the Wind" and "Bugles Blow No More," not to mention a certain biography which Dr. Freeman is too modest to speak of, he kept getting letters from all over the country saying "What shall I read next?" North, South, and West, the readers trooped to the Stars and Bars, till Dr. Freeman himself began to wonder just what made the Lost Cause so persuasive to a new generation and what books best represented the men

Douglas Southall Freeman

and women who had striven for that cause in the sixties and the spirit that drove them on. The fruit of his researches is in this series of essays. It is not, nor does it pretend to be, a complete history of Confederate literature—but, for either layman or scholar who is interested in the subject, it offers a remarkably engaging and readable introduction to the field.

In the first place, Dr. Freeman can write—a little detail too often neglected by historians. It is worthy and admirable to assemble facts, to put truth in the place of legend, to investigate impartially, to throw new light on an old problem. But, when this has been done, the words still have to be put down on the page in such a way that a human being of average intelligence can read them without going to sleep. For, if you don't tell the truth so people will believe it, they are going to believe the first highly-colored lie that comes along. Dr. Freeman can tell the truth so you keep on wanting more of it. He does so here. Anybody who reads the chapter called "The War through Women's Eyes" is going to want to go to some of its sources, to "A Southern Woman's Story" and the diary of Mrs. Chesnut, to the two Louisiana diaries and the magnificent account of the doughty Mrs. McDonald. For Dr. Freeman quotes so skillfully that he always leaves you hungry for more. In just about a year from now he is going to get some other letters, and angry ones. They will be from wives who find the sofa moved out of the living-room to make way for a complete set of the "Records of the War of the Rebellion."

Familiar letters, memoirs, official records, biographies—Dr. Freeman touches upon them all. He has some shrewd comments to make on the controversy and apologia indulged in by certain figures after Appomattox, a good chapter on the various foreign historians and biographers who dealt with the Confederate side. He shows the later gathering of glamor on the Lost Cause—and why it happened. And in the chapter, "Yet to be Written," he mentions half a dozen or a dozen books still to be written that leave me licking my lips and wishing I had them right now. There are two more he might have mentioned. One is a really intelligent, thorough, and unprejudiced history of slavery in the South. And the other is a book which will do for the Union side what this book does for the Confederate side—give the average reader a guide and a clew among the vast wealth of Union material, from the diary of Gideon Welles to the recently published "The Road to Richmond." For the Army of the Potomac, during the past few years, has been steadily driven back, on the literary field. "Oh, Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness?"

Meanwhile, we not only have this book, and the able Confederate Book Shelf in the appendix (though, surely, the "Diary of a Georgia Girl" should be included in any collection of reminiscences by Southern ladies) but a sentence that is almost a promise. Dr. Freeman remarks, with truth, "Even the fame of George Washington would be enhanced if, among the hundreds of books written of him, there were one first-class biography." There is just one man to do that, and I will not embarrass Dr. Freeman by mentioning his name.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nazi Resources

FROM NAZI SOURCES: WHY HITLER CAN'T WIN. By Fritz Sternberg. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1939. 208 *pp., with index.* $1.75.

Reviewed by TONI STOLPER

FRITZ STERNBERG'S larger book, "Germany and a Lightning War," was published in England more than a year ago, and created something of a stir. The present American publication takes over the most important material of the earlier book and brings it up to date. The source material was more comprehensive in the English book, but some new features have been added, and the conclusions arrived at are even more definite now that the war has actually begun. Sternberg tries to prove that Germany is not up to the task of winning a war against the West any more than it was in 1914-18. He offers an abstract of all available statistical material. The pictorial statistics give the book a lively appearance, but to uninitiated readers of this new language they may sometimes slow up the mental process instead of aiding it.

Fritz Sternberg

It is interesting to follow the author in his comparison of the situation before the wars of 1914 and 1939. Then it was an improvised war all round, after two generations nursed in the illusion of abiding peace. This time, what have the German rulers not done to prepare for war up to the minutest detail! And still, it emerges from many hard facts that Germany's chances of victory may not have increased. Sternberg scoffs at the romantic interpretation of victories by the greater valor and manly virtues of the fighters on the winning side or the greater ability of the generals in command. He bluntly states, "economy decides a war." As witness he quotes Major General Thomas, the head of the present German Economic General Staff, who, in a recent lecture, told his German audience that "the World War was lost for us when we entered the Turnip Winter of 1916-17." Reviewing the present German situation in all branches of economic war requirements, Sternberg predicts with greater assurance that a protracted war again will be lost by the Germans before it is ended. After giving all the relevant material about the food situation, he stresses particularly the deficiency in iron ore and oil which once before was instrumental in bringing about Germany's defeat. In this vital respect he finds the situation much worse today than twenty-five years ago, Germany having lost the Alsace-Lorraine ore resources, and being so much poorer in financial resources to approach the raw-material markets abroad. Neither lack of ore nor oil will develop into a catastrophe for Germany's war potential in the first stages of the war, but in both supplies there may emerge an absolutely lethal point at some further stage. The mechanized and motorized army is, of course, immensely more dependent on an uninterrupted flow of iron products and oil.

After discussing all the other raw material problems, Sternberg therefore has to go into the decisive question whether the resources of the East and Southeast have been opened up to Germany in a way to compensate for the blockade in the West. He brushes aside the notion that the Polish conquest may be much more beside an added administrative problem of how to stave off starvation from this devastated country. But also the Balkan resources are largely discounted. There remains Hitler's "master stroke," the opening up of the vast Russian reservoir. In this respect, Sternberg's criticism does not seem sufficiently documented. Still his assertion may be on good grounds that the Russian surpluses and transport facilities, not to mention Stalin's readiness to share freely all he has with the Germans, must prove far below Germany's minimum import requirements in a long war.

Sternberg tries to check all his facts by German sources. He takes the German reports on their expanded production and on the successes of their Four-Year Plans at their face value and does not need to whittle down the German figures to arrive at his pessimistic conclusions. But his German sources on the moral issues involved seem even more striking than on the purely economic side of his argument. For, although in his view "economy decides a war," Sternberg at the end of his book is clearly concerned about moral implications as well. He has searched the German periodicals and books for all traces of criticism, signs of doubts, remnants of discussions, hints of uncertainties. Despite Goebbels's supposedly watertight censorship and Himmler's ever improving terrorism, the search has not proved fruitless. The best results have been derived from the army sector. Civilians seem to have been by now completely regimented mentally. Some of the soldiers have, however, miraculously saved vestiges of their pre-Nazi independence of judgment. To characterize the army point of view, Sternberg rather shrewdly comments on the difference in the "organizational principle" of the Nazi Party and the German army. The Party is built on the notion of a governing elite well separated from the masses of the people, whereas the army of general conscription, as reintroduced by Hitler, is "a mass army supported by masses of munition workers." That these diametrically opposed principles are liable to clash sooner or later seems to have dawned on some of the more thoughtful army men. It is therefore a valuable corroboration of the conclusions Sternberg draws from his economic sources that German moral criticism points in the same direction. I would like to reproduce his striking quotation from Karl Pintschovius, not an alien enemy of the Nazi regime but a former army officer and now a writer on "defense psychology," who states in his book on "Moral Resistance in Modern War" published in Nazi Germany:

> Men can be driven to slaughter, but not to battle. The only man who can stand the strain of modern warfare for long is the thinking, feeling individual with a will of his own and who is determined to resist. . . . [And further] Only he can hold the honor of the State at its real value . . . who feels within himself the flame of freedom, of love of justice, and an individual capacity to form an independent judgment.

What "degenerate liberalistic" truths have penetrated Germany's self-inflicted mental blockade!

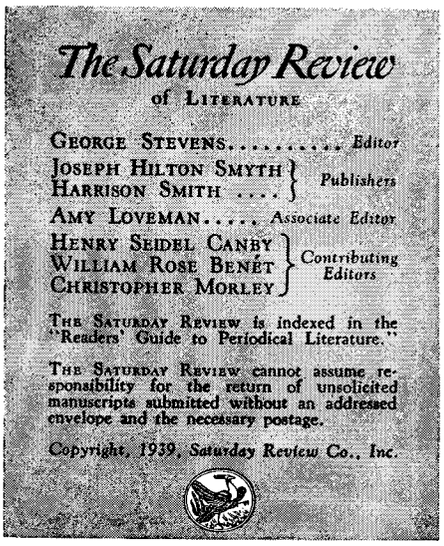
Mrs. Stolper worked for some time in the Austrian ministry of commerce. She has been in the United States since 1933.

Portrait

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

EYES like the morning's when the sun
Looks out upon a world new won;
Lips, gently parted, brave no less,
And firm, for all their gentleness,
Where love were proud to set his seal,
And hope sits laughing—strong to heal
And swift to save; a forehead wrought—
For the high dream, the lonely thought—
To shelter them; and, over all,
The dark hair's shadowy coronal.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


The Saturday Review
of Literature
George Stevens..... Editor
Joseph Hilton Smyth
Harrison Smith .... Publishers
Amy Loveman..... Associate Editor
Henry Seidel Canby
William Rose Benét
Christopher Morley Contributing Editors
The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."
The Saturday Review cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.
Copyright, 1939, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

"Lest the Republic Come to Harm"

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, in his "Nobility Wanted," published in the November *Atlantic Monthly,* broadcasts a call to the writers of America. He wants more nobility, more idealism, more sensitiveness to ethical beauty in our books; but he is still more concerned with the failure of many strong writers in the last twenty-five years to support the democratic idea. They have crabbed at instead of encouraging it. They have made the American way of life seem less rather than more desirable. And in this they have broken with American literary tradition, which, since the beginning, has been idealistic, hopeful, and a powerful stimulus to the ideas of democracy.

It is an excellent argument, but one wonders whether, in spite of his disclaimer, Professor Jones has not been unfair to the crabbers and depreciators. A recent book which he does not mention suggests another angle to the discussion. No one can accuse the author of "The Grapes of Wrath" of a lack of idealism. Indeed, its concept of the need of brotherly love, and its glimpses of possible economic Utopias, push idealism sometimes into sentimentality. And yet John Steinbeck is surely one of the depreciators of American experience with democracy. It simply does not work for his share-croppers and refugees. The California paradise is policed against them. They are down and cannot get up.

Why have American writers in this twenty-five year period broken from the tradition which upholds the democracy, to criticize and rail against it? The answer seems to be obvious. Economic democracy has lagged behind political democracy; and faith in the common man has been made more difficult by the discovery that democratic ideals in themselves will not overcome the psychological deficiencies to which the common man is liable. The writers—particularly the novelists—of recent years have been forced to take stock. They have seen that their predecessors who wrote of the democracy were not unlike the Transcendentalists, who celebrated in the first half of the last century the spirituality of nature without ever having studied their nature at first hand. They have studied democracy and come back to their desks with a conviction that it was time to stop broadcasting its virtues until the machine was overhauled. And so they have told us—Mencken, Faulkner, Hemingway, Caldwell, Steinbeck, and many more—what was wrong, and with such force that the prose of those who praise the democracy has begun to seem like rhetoric, as, in fact, in this generation when the critics have had most of the imagination, it often has been.

We shall have to face the truth more honestly than the American people wish to do, before new Whitmans and new Emersons can write with that enlightened confidence which alone can make a literature that feeds ideals to the state. Mr. Dies recently said every American must be taught "that to be an American is a glorious privilege, and that every man who can live in this country and call himself an American, regardless of his race or his religion or his economic condition, is indeed fortunate." This is not facing the truth. Of course any American who would regard it as a glorious privilege to live in Soviet Russia or Nazi Germany is suffering from an unfortunate delusion. But you can hardly expect a dispossessed sharecropper, or bankrupt landlord, or a Negro discriminated against by his neighbors, or a good workman unable to find a job, to consider it glorious to be living at just this moment in America, even if he does not know anywhere else to go that will be better. The sooner Mr. Dies begins to differentiate between foreign influences endeavoring to destroy democracy, and native efforts to save it from its own serious disabilities, the sooner he will begin to understand that American literature and American education are much closer than he to the best American tradition. "We have used up all our inherited freedom. If we would save our lives, we must fight for them." Does he think that this American statement was written under the influence of some foreign "ism"? Let us add, for our day, that we have used up much of our economic opportunity, and that doing something about this serious problem is perhaps the only domestic issue really vital to democracy. There is a topic more worth thinking about than how to frighten liberals by calling them reds!

But to return to Professor Jones. He is certainly right for the moment, whether or not he is fair to the immediate past. When he requires of writers that "they take care lest the republic come to harm," he is talking sense, for it is very easy to sap the vitality of American idealism and shake the confidence of many, in spite of the fact that they may have profited more than they realize from their country. For these many are more aware just now of what is wrong with democracy than of what is right. What is needed even more than nobility, so it seems to us, is courage and good sense and imagination in the service of what is still, and perhaps now more than ever, the most promising way of life in the modern world.

H. S. C.

A Fine Publisher and A Courtly Gentleman

THE death on November 15th of Frederick A. Stokes, at the age of eighty-two, marks the end of an era. He was the last active contemporary of that distinguished group, including George Haven Putnam, Henry Holt, Charles Scribner, the Harper brothers, William Appleton and Frank H. Dodd, who headed the great American publishing houses during the past generation and made their names, with his, symbolic of the highest ideals in the publishing of books.

From the time of his graduation at Yale in 1879, where he was a member of Psi Upsilon and Wolf's Head, Mr. Stokes was determined to be a publisher, and received a brief early training with Dodd, Mead & Company. How completely he attained his ambition is witnessed by the fact that the house of Stokes, sixty years after its founder issued his first book, "College Tramps"—of which he himself was the author—stands today in the front rank of American publishers. The books of many famous authors bear the Stokes imprint: H. G. Wells, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Gertrude Atherton, Stephen Crane, Anthony Hope, James Branch Cabell, Robert Hichens, Honoré Morrow, Admiral Peary, General Pershing, and many others equally well-known. Mr. Stokes was also justly proud of his unrivaled list of books for young people.

He was prominent during his business career in the various associations and group activities for the improvement and general health of the trade. He was president of the Aldine Club, the original American Publishers' Association; and an active director and officer of its successor, The National Association of Book Publishers, serving on numerous committees, including the important one of

(*Continued on page* 14)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Henry George and Economic Science*

Science of Economics

SIR:—Your reviewer, Prof. William O. Scroggs, disposes of a philosophy in a few words; "single tax, a remedy suggested by Henry George," the Prophet of San Francisco, who devoted the better part of his life in the furtherance of his social and economic ideas.

Why not attempt to square up, or rule out, some of the writings of contemporary "economists" by applying George's T-square as stated in his famous book VI, chapter I on the "Insufficiency of remedies currently advocated," especially class V, "From government direction and interference"?

This should, at least, show that the New Deal was dealt without first removing the jokers or shuffling the deck, leaving the same injustices to remain as before.

As to there not being a science of political economy, George's last work, "The Science of Political Economy," was purposely written to give political economy a text book.

JOHN J. GERARD.

New York City.

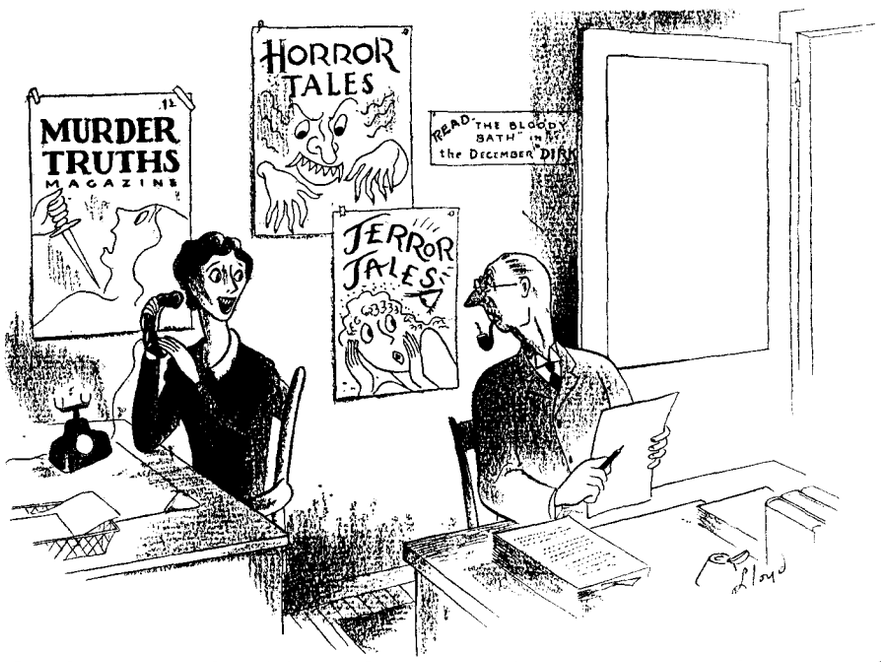
More about "Spectra"

SIR:—I have noticed in your columns Mr. Bacon's report as to Miss Monroe and the Spectric Hoax and Miss Wyatt's comment. I had hoped to find my correspondence with Miss Monroe but have apparently destroyed it. My memory of the episode is that she accepted not one but five or six poems by Emanuel Morgan, and after the hoax broke, refused to let me persuade her that if the poems were good enough to have been accepted they should have been printed regardless of the revelation. I still think that I was right—even that their publication would have been more interesting after the story was out.

Reedy always stood by his guns and maintained that Ficke and I had never written so well as under our pseudonyms. I do not think Miss Monroe had ever expressed herself in print as to the School, but Reedy had been most enthusiastic, as was also Alfred Kreymborg, who devoted an entire issue of *Others* to our "group." The difficulty Ficke and I had in expanding the group of two, with writing correctly "Spectric," is a story in itself. We had vainly tried to wring the right material from several poets and only succeeded with Marjorie Allen Seiffert, alias Elijah Hay by locking her in a room and not releasing her until we had approved of manuscripts shoved out to us under the door.

WITTER BYNNER.

Santa Fe, N. M.



"It's the propaganda ministry—they want to borrow one of our best authors."

Brownies Are in Print

SIR:—Edward A. Weeks in his article "Children Who Live Forever" in the November 18 issue of *The Saturday Review* is mistaken in stating that the Brownie Books by Palmer Cox "are out of print today." They are most decidedly in print and we have eleven volumes of the Brownies' adventures on our active list of publications today. As a matter of fact the demand for them necessitates reprintings every little while.

EDWARD L. SMITH,
D. Appleton-Century Company.
New York City.

Records in Review

SIR:—Your recently inaugurated column, "Records in Review," will surely be one of our most reliable sources for information about the new recordings. In a small town, where it is not feasible to hear the selections before purchase, we must trust almost entirely to reviews. Of the available material, the *SRL* is to be noted and duly praised for its brevity and clarity. The section is a welcome addition to the medium on which we have depended so long for authoritative book reviewing.

Starting with ten albums in 1930, the Antioch College Music Library now numbers 310 albums, containing more than 1700 records. The collection is open to students, faculty members, and townspeople without charge. Albums may be borrowed as simply as a book; a personal signature is all that is required. The wide use to which the collection is put is attested by the circulation of 779 albums for the month of October, and it must be emphasized that this is almost entirely for recreational playing.

Again our thanks for your reviews, which will help us to judge which of the current recordings should be added to the library.

JULIA L. MILLS.

Antioch College,
Yellow Springs, Ohio.

(*Another "Records in Review" appears in this issue on page* 21.)

Robert Neilson Stephens

SIR:—Reviewing Frank O. Hough's "If Not Victory" in the *SRL*, Allan Nevins notes that "the setting is that same ground which Cooper described so well, the wide area between Kingsbridge and Peekskill. Both writers deal with the perils of a district contested by two armies, and roved over by Cowboys and Skinners." So does a best-seller of forty years ago, "The Continental Dragon," which centers about Philipse Manor near Yonkers. The novel was published in 1898. I have been writing a sketch of its author, Robert Neilson Stephens, for a forthcoming biographical dictionary, and have been unable to ascertain the place, month, and day of Mr. Stephens's death (1906). Does anybody know? There was no *New York Times Index* then; the *New York Tribune Index* didn't catch it; he isn't in the D.A.B.; and Vincent Starrett, who wrote one of the best of his "Buried Caesars" essays on Stephens, has forgotten.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portraits in a Mexican Landscape

MRS. MORTON OF MEXICO. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1939. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FLANDRAU

Lords of the Lake . . . . .
Give us strength to forgive ourselves our sins;
Fortify our courage—that we may love life
And fear not pain and old-age and death,
And that we may walk quietly in our path without evil. Amen.

I GIVE you these few poignant and beautiful lines written by Arthur Davison Ficke as part of the brief Introduction to his novel, because they are spoken with the authentic voice of a poet, and it is as a poet that Mr. Ficke is best known. I make a special point of this because I cannot, unfortunately, give you the novel itself with the same enthusiasm.

It may very well be, of course, that the fault lies with me. I am congenitally unable to appreciate what I can only define as high-falutin characterization. Congenitally unable to like any or all novels in which, under the fustian of a character, a symbol—and in this instance a pretty hackneyed one—coyly raises its pretty head. Or in which symbols are got up to masquerade as characters. On the other hand, it may be that symbolism is not intended. Perhaps, as I am unable to believe in the people as people, I merely assume they are symbols.

However that may be, the personage who gives her name to the book, Mrs. Morton herself, is the most successfully portrayed. I seem to have met her, with a few variations, before—the crisp, salty, sensible, wise, and worldly-wise old lady of fiction. She is obviously very real to the author. He believes in her, loves her, enjoys writing about her, and this emotion gives to many of the pages a real charm and beauty. You may—in spite of the fact that her favorite expletive, used by no means sparingly, is pish and tosh and a boiled owl—enjoy her as much as he does, you may like expletives of that kind. At any rate, she far transcends in credibility and readibility many of the other dramatis personae.

These Mr. Ficke, with an indolence surprising in so eminent a man of letters, has taken little pains to raise above the level of lay figures out of Hollywood. There are the native servants who wait upon Mrs. Morton in her pleasant, moderately luxurious establishment on the shores of Lake Chapala, and there is Senor Enrique Devargas Castellano, poet and aristocrat. That he should be an aristocrat as well as a genius, is, you cannot but suspect, the further to confound another stock figure, the inevitable vulgar American businessman, who, of course, loathes Mexico, and believes all Mexicans to be dirty and ignorant. The companion piece to Mr. Castellano is one Professor Arzici, a painter and another full-time genius. He, I think, is not unfamiliar to you either—the mad, whimsical, demonic artist who, in a kind of furious dream, negotiates two masterpieces in five days.

Well, such is the characterization. Of the incidents which make up the story, I found one of them very good, the episode of the concealed General. The rest, alas, were of, to me, negligible interest, as for example, the burro divertissement, and, especially, the finding of the El Greco in the Indian hut. I've heard that one too often.

There remains the setting of the tale, which is by far its most admirable feature. Although it leaves, to my taste, an impression that is slightly pretty-pink for Mexico, it offers many lovely and inviting pictures, so engaging, indeed, that these will make the book agreeable to many readers, especially those who are not too intimately acquainted with the land of our "nearest"—to quote Mr. Ficke, "and most charming Latin neighbors."

Lucky Frontiersman

IVANHOE KEELER. By Phil Stong. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

HERE is a completely pleasant novel, the kind that must be in demand by that army of readers and theater-goers who complain, "Why read distressing and agonizing things in books or witness them in the theater, when life itself furnishes us enough of the tragic? Give us something light to cheer us up." The world of Ivanhoe Keeler is like William Cullen Bryant's wood—"Thou wilt find nothing here of all that pained thee in the haunts of men and made thee loathe thy life." Phil Stong has painted an idyllic picture of the romantic steamboat days of the Mississippi and recreated the Great Valley that Mark Twain loved. Those were golden days: competition by the steam-cars was a ludicrous dream; the Civil War with its fatal blow to river traffic lay years ahead; in this rapidly developing country, success and wealth awaited the man with intelligence and daring—ruthlessness and unscrupulousness were not as yet needed; the fine German immigrants brought a living and tested Old-World culture to temper the frontier coarseness and rowdiness.

In "Ivanhoe Keeler" are all the materials for an old-fashioned moonlight-and-roses musical comedy: a musician-poet-soldier hero; a succession of fluttery love affairs; plenty of comic relief; endless singing in Gasthaus, camp, boatdeck, wedding feast, and tavern; a blustery near-villain whose daughter the hero wins—just in time for a final-curtain "clinch." "Ivanhoe Keeler" is a gentle, unruffled, picaresque novel. Its hero passes calmly from one adventure to another, his beloved fiddle clasped under his arm,

"Its hero passes calmly from one adventure to another" . . . (From the jacket design of "Ivanhoe Keeler.")

prodigiously lucky, his only agitations arising from the slight birth-pains of a not very complex philosophy of life. Deeply in love with love, he fancies his heart broken time after time and would "die of a rose in aromatic pain"; but even his vanity is hardly grazed by these episodes, and his recoveries are almost instantaneous. On his wanderings through the States, Mexico, and Europe he is accompanied by two worshipers: Charley, a giant Ferrovius who likes Ivanhoe's fiddling, and Sammy, a mulatto Admirable Crichton. During all these *Wanderjahre* Ivanhoe's fortune, started by some casual trifling loans and quixotic investments, grows amazingly—and his luck holds through the last page of the book. Although "Ivanhoe Keeler" is free of wormwood, it is not insipid, but has the heartiness, vigor, and warm humor of all Phil Stong's novels. With no parade of research or scholarship the author pleasantly and convincingly lards his pages with the minutiae of daily life a century ago.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Analysis of Literary Genius

MASTER BUILDERS. By Stefan Zweig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 905 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

IN this "typology of the spirit," or discourse on the types of literary genius, Stefan Zweig represents the life of the great intellectual—the philosopher, scholar, poet, or artist — through an analysis of what distinguishes him from other men. This is the process of transposing immense vital powers into the intelligence as other men transfer their vital powers to their actions.

In fiction, the attempt to create the character of genius has frequently been made, and without success. Balzac boldly attempted such a representation in his novel "Louis Lambert" and failed gloriously. So too have the other novelists and dramatists who have attempted it. All of the life of the great intellectual that fiction or drama can represent is that part of it which takes form in relations with men and women: what Shakespeare portrayed in "Hamlet," Goethe in "Faust," Balzac himself in "The Search for the Absolute;" and such contemporaries as Rolland, Joyce, and Thomas Mann respectively in "Jean-Christophe," "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," and the "Joseph" cycle. The lyricism of their creative protagonists is only a symbol of the real creative action.

Criticism on the other hand can carry us far onto the invisible battlefield where the dramas of the intelligence are enacted, and vital forces transform themselves into philosophy, poetry, art. Under no obligation to invent genius, criticism is free to reproduce examples of it and examine the motives which underlie the struggles which compose the intellectual's mysterious inner dramas. And nowhere is this special power of criticism more clearly demonstrated than in the prodigious inner biographies composing "Master Builders:" the studies of Balzac, Dickens, Dostoievsky, Casanova, Stendhal, and Tolstoy already familiar to English readers; and the studies of Hölderlin (the greatest of German lyricists), of Kleist (among the greatest of German tragedists), and of Nietzsche, which are here translated for the first time.

Particularly in these latter biographies, possibly his best ones, Zweig communicates the pressure of the involuntary force which is called genius. What evidently made possible his entire amazing achievement are certain gifts which happen to be his to a degree of completeness surpassing even that to which they were his foremost predecessors' — the Rolland of the biographies, the Pater of certain essays and "imaginary portraits." These gifts include an acuteness of judgment and erudition; a sense of the organic; the power of psychological penetration; above all, the imagination of a novelist and a poet.

In respect to only one matter is Zweig's performance less than brilliant. This is his attempt to render his subjects typical. Balzac, Dickens, and Dostoievsky are classified as epical; Hölderlin, Kleist, and Nietzsche as demonic; Casanova, Stendhal, and Tolstoy as autoportraitive. These categories are quite superficial. While Casanova, Stendhal, and Tolstoy all

Stefan Zweig: from a drawing by George Schreiber

composed autobiographies, in spirit no three men ever resembled one another less. Stendhal, the "good European" and immoralist, certainly is closer to Nietzsche than he is to that neo-Christian and prophet of the moujik, Tolstoy. And Nietzsche, even if like Kleist he could not adjust himself to life, certainly is remoter from the author of "The Prince of Homburg" than from Dostoievsky with *his* lust for the infinite. As for Dostoievsky, that god-seeker and mystic surely is closer to Nietzsche than to Dickens. But this defect is unimportant. Moreover, despite an occasional slovenliness, and their curious failure to include the final section of the Hölderlin study in their translation, Eden and Cedar Paul have for the most part reproduced the original brilliance.

Paul Rosenfeld is the author of a number of books, including "By Way of Art" and "Musical Portraits."

Taking Nature Apart

RUTHERFORD: Being the Life and Letters of the Rt. Hon. Lord Rutherford, O.M. By A. S. Eve. New York: The Macmillan Co. (Cambridge University Press). 1939. 451 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE RUSSELL HARRISON

RUTHERFORD was perhaps the greatest experimental physicist of the generation now passing, and to him humanity owes a vast array of discoveries. Of most of these discoveries humanity is, in the mass, entirely unconscious, yet they are rapidly changing the complexion of the world in which we live. Rutherford was the first human being successfully to accomplish the dream of the alchemists—artificial conversion of one chemical element to another. The fact that he accomplished this only one atom at a time, by bombarding matter with bullets formed from the cores of atoms, is secondary; from his accomplishments have arisen the great developments of artificial radioactivity which are now bringing such important practical results in medicine. It is to Rutherford and his students that we owe the main features of our present picture of the atom as a minute nucleus around which tiny electrons wheel as planets. The cyclotron and other atom-smashing devices stem directly from his work.

Most of Rutherford's life, only recently completed, is described here through his own letters to his mother, to his sweetheart and, later, wife, and to his friends, by one of whom (a scientific colleague) they have been gathered together and provided with connective tissues. Thus are furnished illuminating glimpses into the mind of the awkward New Zealand lad who felt the power of his own intelligence as he faced the great unknown world of science; who quickly made his mark under Sir J. J. Thomson in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge; who after taking a professorship in Canada, returned to England and eventually to the directorship of that same Cavendish Laboratory, which he brought to its finest flowering; who there found himself covered with honors which included the Nobel Prize and the Order of Merit.

The most interested readers of this biography will be physicists and their fellow scientists, all of whom are admirers and distant imitators of its subject. Nevertheless, the book can be highly recommended to the layman who would like a glimpse into the mind of a man whose whole life was governed by a consuming interest in taking nature to pieces.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Composers as They Lived

MEN OF MUSIC. Their Lives, Times and Achievements. By Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock. With an Introduction by Deems Taylor. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1939. 613 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR MENDEL

THIS book is an achievement: a work of musical popularization that is consistently readable without being consistently inaccurate, yet does not take refuge in pious hedging on all matters of opinion or critical judgment. Let the experts scoff. Such books will be written in increasing numbers as the musical public grows, and one might well wish that none of them were going to have more faults than "Men of Music."

That is not to say that it has no faults. It cannot, for example, as an essentially journalistic effort, escape chronicling sensational details (e.g., the alleged cataleptic seizures of Liszt and Wagner, and the sexual idiosyncrasies or handicaps of Schubert, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky), which assume excessive importance in necessarily brief biographies. (These run from about 6,500 words for Gluck to about 20,000 for Wagner.) The book contains not a few rash generalizations and hyperboles (The first movement of Mozart's G minor Symphony is "perhaps the most sheerly beautiful music ever written." "'Die Meistersinger' rejoices in everything that makes for perfection.") It is not free of errors and malapropisms: the introduction to Mozart's C major Quartet "contains a discord;" Haydn's "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," the Austrian national anthem, "served its purpose perfectly until 1938, when it was officially superseded by 'Deutschland über Alles' . . . " (Both texts are, of course, set to the same music.)

More important than such details is a lack of proportion which, although a chapter heading proclaims that "There Were Great Men Before Bach," causes only twenty pages out of nearly six hundred to be devoted to those great men. This might be explained on the ground that biographical details on pre-Bach composers are not abundant. But what is one to say of the fact that only two albums of their music (both sacred) are included in the "List of Recommended Recordings," which thus includes not a single piece of secular music, or instrumental music of any kind, written before 1700.

But such are the characteristic faults of popularizations, and "Men of Music" has less than its share of them. And it does not lack flashes of wit and evidences of keen personal judgment on the part of the authors. They are not afraid to say what they think of either the most highly respected or the most hotly debated music. Sometimes one must sharply disagree with their opinions. But such an observation as that we come away from a performance of Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" "with the uneasy feeling that we have looked in on the last moments of a stuffed shirt" is something more than a wisecrack. The layman who reads this book will become acquainted with many opinions that do not represent the consensus of the most revered authorities. But he will not be in doubt that they are really opinions, and that in many cases they are based on a genuine familiarity with the music itself, and so have an incisiveness which the most prudent rehash of accepted judgments would lack.

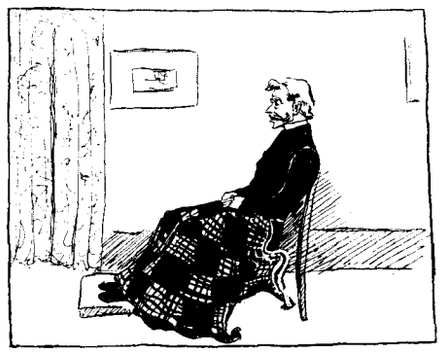
Railroad Builder

WHISTLER'S FATHER. By Albert Parry. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. 368 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

MR. PARRY has tried to do more than resurrect the forgotten father of James McNeill Whistler and to recapture the personal and professional career of an engineering genius who planned and very nearly completed the pioneer railroad from Moscow to St. Petersburg in the late 1840s. He has also essayed the very interesting task of contrasting the offspring of American democracy with the living product of Russian despotism. So far as the "round life" went the Yankee husband and wife did not see eye to eye as between themselves; but they were both children of the free New World and hated oppression, even if our Puritan engineer was not as exacting in this respect as his pious Anna. George Washington Whistler chiefly detested the prevalence of corruption among Russian officials. He might have overlooked the pagan mode of life of the St. Petersburg court if they had only used the money for his railroad honestly.

Anna Whistler, on the other hand, might have forgiven the court folk their sins if they had accepted her religious tracts and sung her hymns. A devout Protestant, she was made unhappy by the pageantry of the Greek Church and the people's gayety on the Sabbath. Her political democracy was heavily seasoned with parochial intolerance. Her outlook upon life was as sternly rigid as her posture in her son's famous portrait of herself. In this book about Whistler's father, it is Whistler's mother who emerges as much the more vital figure. Long residence in Russia, where she studied French and Russian, and visits to England made not the slightest impression on her provincialism. Nor did the loss of three children and her greatly loved husband—he died from cholera before his task in Russia was finished—disturb her faith in the wisdom of Providence. Transplanted from Stonington, Conn., to St. Petersburg, she was determined not only to preserve her own identity but to protect Major Whistler's daughter by his first wife, as well as her own boys, Jimmie and William, from the errors of the Greek faith and the irreligious influences of Russian society. Her methods were much too unbending; she lost the affection of her stepdaughter and failed to exercise the desired influence on the gifted Jimmie.



Whistler's Father: drawing by Florence Sachnoff

Major Whistler's wife, despite her very positive qualities, is not the guide that an enlightened American would have engaged for a trip to the capital of Czar Nicholas I. Her distinguished husband would have been more qualified, but apparently he was too busy with his railroad to bother much about anything else. At any rate it seems a pity that this biography really contains so little about this most interesting foreigner, "who harnessed a samovar to a wagon and made it run." Mr. Parry has harnessed his very agile pen to Whistler's father and dashed with him through St. Petersburg, but on the way picked up Whistler's wife and children and a great many strangers. The result is a fragmentary and rather breathless view of the Russian capital and people. Neither the American railroad builder nor his wife is a fully developed portrait. The description of Russia is practically confined to the capital. Mr. Parry seemingly knows his subject and writes extremely well, but his impressions are flitting rather than fundamental.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laying Down the Law

WOE UNTO YOU, LAWYERS! By Fred Rodell. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1939. 274 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

ON being informed that "Woe Unto You, Lawyers!" by Professor Fred Rodell of Yale makes Ferdinand Lundberg's none too genial remarks about the law sound like Elsie Dinsmore's sunniest chatter, the reader will infer, and correctly, that this is not a dull book. For Mr. Rodell offers no lofty program designed to liberalize The Law and its practitioners; instead, the procedure he fancies, and I don't think he means it at all as Swift might have, is the somewhat more ambitious one of junking the entire legal tradition—Bar, Bench, Pleading and Procedure, Contracts, Consideration, Trusts, Torts, Precedents, Principles, the *lex Romana,* the *Code Napoleon,* Davis, Polk, Wardell, Gardiner, Reed, Cadwalader, Wickersham, Taft, high, low, jack, and the game. What's more, he means it. I feel sure it isn't true that, as the members of all the state bar associations will presently be telling each other, Mr. Rodell eats babies. Lawyers, yes; babies, no.

Who is Mr. Rodell? He is a young New Haven insurgent who has written, among other things, a good "Primer on Interstate Taxation" and, more notably, an article called "Goodbye to Law Reviews," which the *Virginia Law Review* hospitably printed in 1936. In this article, which merited a good deal of the attention it received, Mr. Rodell announced that American Law Reviews had become as dry as dust, and that he, for one, was going to stop reading them.

Now, in 1939, he has set down his full opinion of American law and American justice (nor is he the first to suggest that when the two meet, they do so almost by accident), and as I have indicated, I think he is an honest man, although perhaps not averse to reading a merry shocker. Don't suppose, though, that Mr. Rodell is a run-of-the-mill, anti-conservative, pro-liberal iconoclast. He isn't. No Rooseveltian reform for him. Not at all. The whole system must go, he says cheerfully. It's really a surprisingly cheerful book all the way through, and once you've started it, I think you'll want to go on, if only because of the brisk, colloquial prose.

"It is the lawyers who run our civilization for us—our governments, our business, our private lives," he proclaims at the start, and goes ahead to explain the basic faults of the System. Cases are judged according to precedent. Precedents are found in old decisions. The decisions were handed down by judges who rationalized their own prejudices and bent them into abstract Principles. And this, says Mr. Rodell, is where we suffer. No abstract Principle, however Solomon-like, can be said to apply exactly to any case, similar though it may seem, that comes along later on. The Principle takes no account of contributing factors. Indeed, this was a favorite theme of the late Justice Holmes. ("General propositions do not decide concrete cases.") Mr. Rodell blows up this idea to book-size proportions, working in plenty of other grievances including, of course, the classic objection to the language of the law, the High Mass attributes of the craft lingo.

Even if, like every one who writes a text for a crusade, Mr. Rodell rides a hobby and thereby forfeits a portion of the sober response he might very easily claim, he has written a wholesome book. He wants the layman to do more than damn the law; he wants him to sit down and think about it very carefully. Here, I should say, is where the book's value is at once apparent. Mr. Rodell, a graphic writer, knows how to stimulate such thinking, although I regret to say that his approach to the non-lawyer is generally through flattery. Non-lawyers, however, will know what he is talking about all along—an agreeable innovation.

"The whole business of trying to split up 'justice' into parts, or principles, in order to get a better, surer grasp of it is as absurd as cutting up a worm in order to get a better hold of it." Mr. Rodell, you see, has mastered the homely approach. And here is another bit, neatly designed to catch the eye. "Legal words and concepts and principles float in a purgatory of their own, half-way between the Heaven of abstract ideals and the Hell of plain facts and completely out of touch with both of them."

"Let's lay down the Law!" Mr. Rodell says blithely in his last chapter. What shall we substitute for the System? Why, the judgment of practical men, it seems—men who are to receive no official instructions other than to decide each case on its own merits. To my surprise, Mr. Rodell neglects to point out that this is pretty much what has been done in connection with Workmen's Compensation. Right there he had a nice little illustration of lawyerless law—well, *almost* lawyerless—and one quite made to his order.

It's difficult not to like Mr. Rodell: he's so very sure of himself, and is such a perfect example of how delightful it is to live and let off steam in the United States, that I think we ought to hail him as our Anarch-of-the-Month.

James Reid Parker is currently writing a series of stories about the law, to appear in The New Yorker.

Lithographic drawing by Clare Leighton

Rhapsody in Black and White

SOMETIME — NEVER. By Clare Leighton. Drawings by the author. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 178 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS is a reminiscent rhapsody, illustrated by firm and imaginative black-and-whites. It is an attempt, often very successful, sometimes a little confusing, to depict in words the New Year's memories of the past year blended with parallel experiences from childhood. Thus an English countryside, an English nursery, transmute into a Riviera wine-making, and the imagination shifts in a paragraph from the American Southwest to London or a mountain-top in France. To put it differently, Miss Leighton has added to her medium of pen and pencil, the power of words, and is doing a moving picture of her memories. Read this way, the book is often delightful, for it has the powerful sensuous qualities of the author's drawings and is dramatic as they are always dramatic. It begins and ends on the sea; but it is with the country and with human beings filled with sap and good earth that the author is most at home.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind the Bolshevist Mask

(*Continued from page* 4)

his frame-up of the most loyal generals of the Red Army."

After the execution of the Generals, I, myself, learned from a very good source that the Tukhachevsky conspiracy was revealed to Stalin by Himmler, chief of the Gestapo, because Hitler himself was interested in keeping Stalin in power. This revelation was made about the time when Mr. Kandelaki, Stalin's confidential emissary to the Nazi Government, drafted in the spring of 1937 in Berlin, an agreement between Stalin and Hitler. In April of this year Kandelaki returned from Berlin to Moscow; and

> on receiving Kandelaki's report Stalin felt sure that the deal with Hitler would go through. He need no longer fear an attack from Germany. The road was clear for the purge of the Red Army.

Please read the chapter "Why Stalin shot the Generals." You will know that Stalin killed the real Russian patriots under the false pretext that they were German spies! But these "spies" were the implacable enemies of Stalin's internal tyranny and pro-Hitler politics.

In the *New York Times* of November 15th Mr. Ralph Thompson, in his review of Krivitsky's book, writes:

> Mr. Krivitsky explains that he worked with swindlers, murderers, and pro-Fascists for many years . . . and didn't become disgusted enough to quit until 1937. While this circumstance does not rule him out as a reliable reporter, it does inevitably cast a curious shadow over what he has to say.

In these sentences Mr. Thompson approaches a fundamental of Bolshevik psychology. Dostoievsky, in his novel "The Possessed," asserted with prophetic force: "The future realm of socialism will be a horrifying tyranny of swindlers and murderers and will plunge mankind into a real hell of spiritual suffering and material misery *if* the leaders of the revolutionary movement kill the God in the soul of man and proclaim that theirs is the one supreme ethical law—the needs of the revolution."

It was just what happened with Bolshevism. Thousands and thousands of Krivitskys in the cream of their early youth were educated in the commandments of Lenin's perverse morality, which is pure amorality. For all these people the end justifies the means, justifies the most monstrous crimes, if in the opinion of the Bolshevik leaders these crimes prepare "the happiness of future generations."

> We are on the hard road to socialism. Many must fall by the wayside. We must be well fed and must recuperate from our labors, enjoying, for a few weeks each year, comforts still denied to others, because we are the builders of a Joyous Life in the future. We are the builders of socialism. We must keep in shape to continue on the hard road. Any unfortunates who cross our path will be taken care of in due time. In the meantime, out of our way! Don't pester us with your suffering! If we stop to drop you a crumb, the goal itself may never be reached.

These frightful words were spoken to Krivitsky by the young Communists who lived in a luxurious sanitarium in the Ukraine during the tragic famine of 1934, when hundreds and hundreds of thousands died of starvation. These cynical words perfectly symbolize the Bolshevik philosophy of life. In the tenets of Lenin's religion the human being is only building material, and very cheap material.

But this amoral morality is too strong a temptation, for it glorifies all license, all crimes and violence as heroic acts and excites the lust for power. A man nourished on this venomous doctrine recovers from this moral sickness with painful efforts and by slow degrees and we must aid all who come to us to return to a healthy conception of social morals. We must aid all who begin to understand that the inviolability of personal freedom for the present generation is the only basis for Joyous Life for future mankind.

A Fine Publisher

(*Continued from page* 8)

Copyright. Always he was the loyal friend of the bookseller as well as the publisher. For the past ten years or more, Mr. Stokes has been honored by his fellow-publishers as their Dean, and all who sought his advice and counsel not only found sound guidance, but loved the man for his modest courtliness and his never-failing patience and responsiveness. Indeed, if two words may describe the man's character, they are complete integrity.

In his leisure hours Mr. Stokes was devoted to music, especially vocal, and for years was active in the Mendelssohn Glee Club and president of the MacDowell Club. Also, he was an enthusiastic fisherman. I recall well only two years ago asking him if he had been on his annual fishing trip and the pathetic sadness in his voice when he gently intimated that he was no longer strong enough to whip the streams he loved so well. As an after-lunch or dinner speaker, Mr. Stokes was always in demand and famous for his keen wit and well-told stories. He was an active member of the Yale Club, University, Dutch Treat and Century Association.

As a fellow-publisher who for many years has enjoyed rather close contact with him, I cannot refrain from paying a personal tribute. Never once in all these years did he permit the occasional problems of parallel interest to mar our pleasant business and personal relationship. Always I found him the understanding and generous friend; always the courteous gentleman who commands my very real affection as well as respect.

FRANK C. DODD.

Recommended Reading

SHAKESPEARE IN AMERICA. *By Esther Cloudman Dunn.* Shakespeare in the cities, on the frontier, in schoolrooms from Colonial times to the present; a longitudinal section of American cultural history. (*Reviewed October* 28.)

THE NAZARENE. *By Sholem Asch.* The Gospel story from the Jewish point of view, in a vivid narrative which interprets the Messiah's message and its meaning for the world today. (*Reviewed October* 21.)

HOME FROM THE SEA. *By Richard A. Bermann.* Stevenson's last years in Samoa in a biography written like a novel, but without distortion of the facts. (*Reviewed October* 21.)

TOMMY GALLAGHER'S CRUSADE. *By James T. Farrell.* The making of a fascist on American city streets in a trenchant and timely novelette by the creator of Studs Lonigan. (*Reviewed October* 14.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *By A. A. Milne.* The influence of a happy childhood in the later career of a versatile and successful writer, who recreates his background with zest. (*Reviewed October* 14.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. *By Henry F. Pringle.* The definitive biography of the President and Chief Justice, with the story of the Taft-Roosevelt feud as its *pièce de résistance.* (*Reviewed October* 28.)

OF HUMAN FREEDOM. *By Jacques Barzun.* The values of democracy interpreted by a witty historian who demolishes the pretensions of much fashionable pseudo-thinking. (*Reviewed September* 16.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fine Gift Books

CAPE HORN

By Felix Riesenberg

"One of the truly great contributions to the literature of the sea," writes *The Times* of this account from the golden days of the discoverers through the age of sail to the present. Many maps and charts. 452 pages. $5.00

THE BEST PLAYS

1938-1939

AND THE YEARBOOK OF THE DRAMA IN AMERICA

Edited by Burns Mantle

Ten Broadway plays by long excerpt and summary; also valuable facts about actors, prize plays, producers, etc. With 10 stage pictures. 545 pages. $3.00

MEN UNDER THE SEA

By Commander Edward Ellsberg

The thrilling story of the men who go down to the ocean floor, of sunken submarines and heroic diving feats, of the salvage of lost treasure, and modern undersea inventions. With many photos. 365 pages. $3.00

AMERICA FACES SOUTH

By T. R. Ybarra

"A rounded and comprehensive account of the lands to the south, their problems, dangers and varied outlooks, written in an easily understandable fashion."—*The New York Times.* Includes the 20 Latin-American republics. $3.00

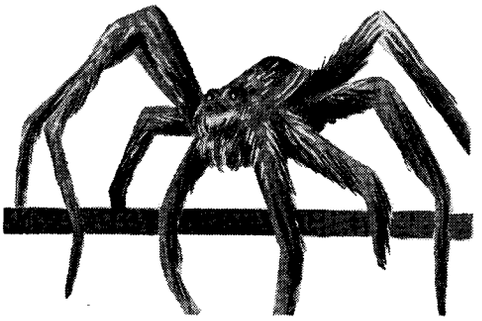
CHARLESTON

HISTORIC CITY OF GARDENS

By William Oliver Stevens

Its colorful pageant, matchless gardens, picturesque architecture, romantic traditions and rich, historical background. Filled with amusing anecdote and lively description. Colored frontispiece and over 40 drawings by the author. $3.00

Read what they're saying about--



The SPIDER STRIKES

By Michael Innes

Author of "Lament for a Maker," "Hamlet, Revenge!", etc.

"More real wit, sparkle and zest than any other detective story of the year. Distinctly a 'literate' mystery and assuredly caviar to the general reader, but the caviar is the very best grade with every bead a pearl."

—JUDGE LYNCH *in The Saturday Review of Literature*

" 'The Spider Strikes' is the kind of a crime yarn De Quincey might write and Santayana read. We've read only 150 pages so far, with an obbligato of cackles."

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, Author of the best-selling novel, "Kitty Foyle"

"This is the final test of taste—the most thoroughly civilized detective story in many seasons. I defy anybody who begins it to read it only once."

—MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

"Here is a mystery so excellent in matter and manner and all sorts of richness that we hardly know where to start boosting. It tops all rivals and is pretty sure to go down in history as one of those mystery milestones. We mean to say this Michael Innes is a whiz."

—WILL CUPPY

"Michael Innes has escaped from routine in his latest thriller. It is packed with literary allusions and subtleties, and will give readers—especially sophisticated ones—a new sensation. I found it completely absorbing and did not let the day end without finishing it."

—CLAUDE M. FUESS

THE AMAZING PLOT involves a writer of mysteries who is confronted with the fact that a real criminal is not only acting exactly like his fiction character, The Spider, but is actually anticipating moves the author has planned for The Spider, but not yet written. $2.50

1839 DODD, MEAD & COMPANY • 449 FOURTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1939

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Modern Novelists Write As They Do . .

John Galsworthy—Joseph Conrad—Katherine Mansfield—James Joyce—Virginia Woolf—Aldous Huxley—here is an alert discussion of modern English novelists and their work from the standpoint of their significance for the *social historian,* as well as the student of literary technique. Includes four chapters on James Joyce, perhaps the most thorough assessment of Joyce yet published. At bookstores, $2.50.

THE NOVEL AND THE MODERN WORLD

By David Daiches

To see 27 Plays with a witty critic, read . . .

TODAY IN AMERICAN DRAMA

By Frank H. O'Hara

A widely-known and popular professor of drama at the University of Chicago here probes into the motives and meanings of Broadway successes in a most "unprofessorial" manner. He shows how the old labels of tragedy and comedy have a hard time sticking to our modern plays, and suggests the "double lives" they lead under the sprightly classifications of Tragedies Without Finality; Comedies Without a Laugh; Melodrama With a Meaning; and Farce With a Purpose. Provocative reading for first-nighter or armchair playgoer. $2.00.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

A new collector's item

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S

Passivity Program

In these days when we hear too much of "Activity Programs" it is a moving experience to read a book which restores balance to the passing scene—picks out what is significant and deflates what is merely swollen. Distinguished limited edition format, $1.50.

Mailed on request—catalogs of first editions, including some of the early Morleys.

THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP
333 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The Phoenix Nest

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE best books of poetry that have come in recently are, we have no hesitation in saying, the following: "One Part Love," by Babette Deutsch; "A Turning Wind," by Muriel Rukeyser; "First Will and Testament," by Kenneth Patchen, and "The Red Kite," by Lloyd Frankenburg. Miss Deutsch is a veteran poet, dating from just after the days of the American poetic renaissance. Miss Rukeyser, still too intellectually obscure, is one of the best—if not *the* best—of our younger and more experimental women poets. Kenneth Patchen and Lloyd Frankenburg I shall treat of here, but may say in advance that the former has already established himself for eccentric brilliance, and the latter has for over a year been watched with interest by "poetry scouts." He has an evasive fadeway and a fast out-drop. I shall turn Miss Rukeyser over to some mind more expert in modernity. And so first to tackle Mr. Patchen, who is published by New Directions in Norfolk, Connecticut.

Mr. Patchen has the high scorn of a certain type of young man, and the determination to use certain words that poetry has eschewed. This does not make his poetry any better. Neither does certain snarling and scrambled invective. But you have to give the man his head, because he can write desperately and movingly at times, and his era is responsible for him. Mr. Patchen is trying to talk as the tough-minded talk in the street and at the same time write poetry. It is not an easy assignment. He is a rebel, but apparently he dislikes Old Red Joe as much as he hates everyone else. For he holds no truck with anyone in politics, including F. D. R. One of his most horrible poems, with the creepy title, "I DON'T WANT TO STARTLE YOU *but they are going to kill most of us,*" sticks in the mind because it is a direct reflection of the European nightmare, only if F. D.'s arm were really around Adolf I'd—but too many critics have been eating things as it is. The end is a *tour de force* of horror, which means that it doesn't quite make the grade. A good deal of Mr. Patchen doesn't quite make the grade, but New Directions has made him a most beautiful book, and he is always interesting and ingenious. He has more originality than ninety-nine one hundreths of the modern poets. The two most interesting men among the new flight are both named Kenneth. The other is Kenneth Fearing. My own feeling is that Mr. Fearing has a more adult mind than Mr. Patchen and gets his effects in more clean-cut style. On the other hand, Mr. Fearing is always using modern sound effects, so to speak; and Mr. Patchen gets nearer to real beauty more often. When Mr. Patchen tries to get funny, as in his dialogue, he is pretty sad. There are too many really funny men loose. When he goes surrealist, I don't care. And when William Carlos Williams says he reminds him of John Donne, I don't follow. He celebrates love in a fine fleshly way; but Donne was a blazing master of language, and Patchen isn't. Nevertheless the latter is a real poet, and, as he adjures me—and all critics—in a foreword, I do not sneer at some things that seem strange to me. I only regret that the great example of James Joyce has done such irremediable harm to so many young poets. Also I think Mr. Patchen is more self-conscious than most; and the viscera of poets have been so thoroughly anatomized by poets that I prefer him when he writes objectively. In his book, at all events, are the blood and tears of this era.

Lloyd Frankenburg is more conventional, and I do not mean that as a slam. As a matter of fact, if you wish to drag in John Donne, which I never should dream of doing, the method, actually, of Frankenburg is a lot nearer Donne than that of Patchen. *Sufficit.* How did Donne get in here anyway, Dr. Williams? Farrar & Rinehart publish "The Red Kite" as a selection of the Discoverers. I must be one, though not on their committee, because I and others had been hearing of Frankenburg for some time before his book appeared. *The Saturday Review* had published several of his poems. How do publishers discover poetry? Poets tell them it's good.

The back of the jacket has tributes to the poet by good people. I find myself agreeing with my brother, as I often do, in that you can't tag Frankenburg for any of the Big Secret Societies of poetry (he is furthest from the Riding Academy of Skull and Bones) and that there *is* in his work "a combination of delicacy, strength, and richness." "The Time You Went to Fall River" is just as realistic as anything Mr. Patchen has done, and just as effective, say, as the latter's "Portrait on an American Theme." And Mr. Frankenburg is, in general, a less sentimental poet. But there is certainly room for both men. You ask me what they both write about? Life—internal and external.

Miss Deutsch has an array of work behind her. Sometimes it seemed that she was working pretty hard at it. But her new book, published by the Oxford Press, is in my view a distinguished one. Her "Debate between the Mind and Heart of the Poet" expresses what a good many of us feel concerning the need for rushing out somewhere and doing something—one half of us wants that—and, on the other hand, sticking to our own last. The

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

latter is the best thing to do. Miss Deutsch handles language with the simple directness that is the hardest possible to attain, and I find her subjects interesting—one nugget is her "Zoo." Neither is she alien to the modern world—but what of that? That mere asseveration has become the password for too much ill-assorted tripe. Miss Deutsch is mistress of her craft, astute and well-read.

If you want a delightful book of animal rhymes, pick up "The Ark and the Alphabet," by Nathalia Crane and Father Feeny. They've collated the poems from their other books and also written new ones. Lots of fun. It's published by the Macmillan Company. Another good Christmas present would be "The Compleat Lover," edited and compiled by William Geoffrey, a collection of choice passages, also admitting prose, on the tender passion—published by Harrison-Hilton Books, Inc. Mr. Geoffrey has a nice taste, and the boxed book is so attractive that any undergraduate can count on it to give a girl who likes literature.

Now, ho! what have we here? Don Blanding is very popular and I like his decorative drawing better than his verse. His latest book "Drifter's Gold," (Dodd, Mead) is heavily embellished by him, and if you have any cousins who think a vagabond life in Hawaii would be the owl's earmuffs, here is Romance with a big "R."

Why Thomas Stearns Eliot, you old rogue! Here you come with "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Why, you Old Possum you! But I'm glad Harcourt has brought it out. The rhymes are quite nice. Mr. Eliot is no Belloc at this kind of thing, but he does a pretty good job. As for Norman Corwin's "They Fly through the Air with the Greatest of Ease," he's a good radio-man, and Vrest Orton of Weston, Vermont, has made a good book of one of his radio sketches recalling, somewhat, Archibald MacLeish's "Air Raid."

The League to Support Poetry, at 320 West Eighteenth Street, has put out four small mimeographed, paper-bound pamphlets of poems, "Uncertain Planet," by Edith Henrich, "Rock and Cumulus," by Richard Leon Spain, 'Inward Armour," by Gerard Previn Meyer, and "Children of Sun," by Miriam Allen de Ford. At least as good as a good many books of poems printed and bound in boards, and it seems to me that Miss Henrich and Mr. Meyer particularly have original promise.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 295)

C. MATHER:
HARVARD COMMENCEMENT

This day, being our insipid, ill-contrived anniversary solemnity, which we call The Commencement, I choose to spend it at home in supplications; partly on the behalf of the college that it may not be foolishly thrown away.

Your Literary I. Q.

QUIZ NO. 4

By HOWARD COLLINS

10 FAMOUS SLEUTHS

Even if you're not a detective-story addict, you have probably heard of the super-sleuths who are briefly described below. Allow 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 points if you can also name the author who created him. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, and 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

1. He lives on Punchbowl Hill and has eleven children.

2. He lived by candlelight during the day, and wandered about the streets of Paris by night.

3. A little, round-faced Catholic priest, forever carrying an umbrella

4. He smoked *Regie* cigarettes.

5. Author of an illustrated monograph on 140 forms of tobacco ash.

6. He is proud of his vegetable marrows, his luxuriant moustache, and his "little gray cells."

7. An expert on first editions, fine wines, early music, and cricket, this charming aristocrat married the woman whom he freed of a murder charge.

8. A brilliant Shakespearian actor who retired when he became deaf and turned his talents to crime detection.

9. He drives a Dusenberg, collects first editions, and has a father who takes snuff.

10. A huge man, fond of orchids and beer in large quantities.

Gift Bargains

BEAUTIFUL BORZOI BOOKS

at new low prices

CLARENCE DAY'S
LIFE WITH FATHER
The book from which the Broadway hit was made.
For a short time only, $1.00

THOMAS MANN'S most famous novel
THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN
.. In one volume, for a short time only, $1.49

OSWALD SPENGLER'S masterpiece of prophecy
THE DECLINE OF THE WEST
In one volume, for a short time only, $2.39

W. H. DAVIES'
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUPER-TRAMP
With a preface by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. $1.89

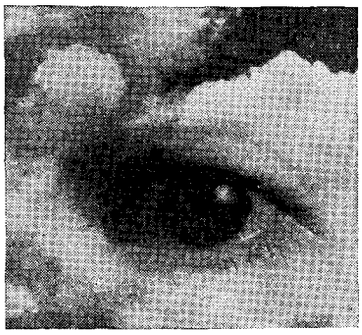
JAMES WELDON JOHNSON'S
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-COLORED MAN
A classic of Negro literature. $1.89

EMILE ZOLA'S
GERMINAL
With an introduction by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON. $1.89

Every one of these belongs in your permanent library.
Go to your bookstore today!

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 501 MADISON AVE · N · Y

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Cosmological Eye

by HENRY MILLER

(Author of "Tropic of Cancer")

First American publication of the famous expatriate whose earlier books (published in Paris and banned in the U.S.A.) have been international sensations. Henry Miller has been called "the modern Petronius." He carries on where D. H. Lawrence left off, surveying the whole of life with cosmological eye and satirizing the "farce of civilization," in a style unequalled in our day for vigour, vitality and daring. A memorable literary experience.

A New Directions book

NORFOLK, CONN.

$2.50

Concentrated Capital

DIVIDENDS TO PAY. By E. D. Kennedy. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1939. 288 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD SACHS

MR. KENNEDY has given a somewhat dramatic title to his book, which attempts to clarify the underlying causes of business depression and recovery. At many points the argument is presented with force and wit, and with a great appeal to the average reader; but, on the other hand, to the business man, who may be searching for a more sober analysis, much of the book will seem less convincing.

The closing chapter is entitled "Depression Is Our Normal State." The author views the future with pessimism; he believes "capital is not lying low because it is frightened about the New Deal. It is lying low because it knows that money already invested in our industrial plants has produced so much excess capacity that it is difficult to find an industry in which new capital can be employed." The causes for this condition arose in the nineteen twenties when "accumulation of wealth so far outstripped the distribution of wealth as to set up an unbalance, which is not yet remedied."

Based on the figures which he has compiled, Mr. Kennedy argues that business in the boom years was really good only for a selected list of companies and not bad for them in the depression years. Furthermore, the figures indicate that public ownership of securities is a myth and that the dividends paid by these leading companies, whom he terms the "corporate money makers," found their way into the hands of a small number of people. The argument continues that the corporate money-makers have been those operating on a monopoly basis. This monopoly basis included control of price in good times and bad, ruthless reduction of wages and personnel in bad times, and general opposition to social reforms, which would tend to increase costs. In his desire to pay dividends the big industrialist has chosen to follow methods which must reduce consumer purchasing power; and permanent business recovery cannot follow. So much for the argument.

The facts presented on the concentration of American industrial wealth are put before the reader in the most effective manner. Figures from the Internal Revenue Department are dramatic and easily understood. But in studying these figures as presented by Mr. Kennedy, it seems to this reviewer that at least some of the conclusions are not as inevitable as Mr. Kennedy implies. On the basis of the author's figures, it appears that between the years 1930 and 1935 the income of the selected list of 960 companies declined by about $1,000,000,000, or from a total of $2,920,000,000 to $1,970,000,000. On the other hand, the remaining corporations, except these outstanding ones, showed an operating improvement of over $1,000,000,000 from a deficit of $1,370,000,000 to a deficit of $270,000,000. Apparently, these smaller companies had been able during the depression years and in the early part of the recovery to adjust themselves to changing conditions more rapidly than could the larger companies and consequently to improve their relative ability to earn money. Unfortunately, figures are not available for the last years. But if there is a continuation of this trend, and the author himself has said in the book that trends seemed as important to him as actual figures, it would indicate a vitality and power of survival among the smaller companies, which may question the whole trend argued by Mr. Kennedy. If smaller companies can show such an ability to recover, is it true that the present corporate set-up of big business will prevent permanent recovery?

The power of the little fellow to recover from his losses more quickly than the big fellow has importance also in considering Mr. Kennedy's charges against the monopolistic methods of the big companies. The methods used by the big companies to fight the depression are described in a number of chapters in a witty and caustic man-

England by storm!

Graham Greene's super-thriller is flashing through wartime Britain like an electric charge.

"A peach of a terror-struck yarn. I have not been so frightened by a book since devouring *The Body-Snatchers* in early youth." —*London Tatler*

"A very remarkable book . . . it begins where most novels leave off; it describes a nightmare which is real through and through." —*The Listener*

"A thriller with a difference, fresh in invention and exceptionally well written . . . keeps the pot of excitement boiling to the very end." —*Manchester Guardian*

"Best highbrow thriller I have read for a long time, and will certainly appeal to all secret lovers of violence and psychosis." —*New Statesman and Nation*

"Ruthlessly exciting." —*The Literary Lounger*

THE VIKING PRESS $2.00

Graham Greene's

The CONFIDENTIAL AGENT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ner. There is no room in this review to consider in detail the arguments presented in these chapters, but if the average business man were asked to give his reasons for the ability of the little fellow to recover, he would probably say that the little fellow was able to cut his costs and readjust operations by taking the same sort af actions, only more drastic, for which Mr. Kennedy takes the big fellow to task.

The book is full of revealing facts and interesting detail on one of our most important problems. It seems, therefore, the more the pity that the author is led by what appears to be his economic and social point of view to consider the evils as the evils of bigness itself rather than the evils of the whole system.

Issues of Neutrality

AMERICA'S CHANCE OF PEACE. By Duncan Aikman and Blair Bolles. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 161 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

AMERICA'S chance of peace, these Washington journalists discover, lies in its preparedness for any emergency, including a prolonged world war. In contrast to 1914, when Americans were surprised and bewildered by the sudden outbreak of war, we are now completely inured to diplomatic crises, mobilizations, and even hostilities. Under President Roosevelt's rearmament program, our military forces are far better prepared for the needs of either neutrality or belligerency. Perhaps the most striking change in our reaction to European conflict is to be found in the economic sphere, since September 1939 lacked the excitement and demoralization—currency panic, violent price fluctuations, and closing of the stock exchanges—of August 1914. Whatever the defects of the New Deal, it has at least provided efficient controls and shock absorbers over both public and private finance. Messrs. Aikman and Bolles find a similar improvement on the emotional front, as the uncritical idealism of 1914 has given way to the healthy realism of 1939. "Above all," they write, "in place of Wilson in his tower there was Roosevelt with his ear to the ground."

This summary of America's preparation for peace combines the merits and defects of journalistic commentary. It touches upon a wide variety of important topics in a sprightly and often witty fashion. It does justice to the striking improvement in our State Department and foreign service, and to the careful investigation and planning undertaken in various government agencies. In almost every chapter, however, it appears to skim the surface and never to dive as deeply into detailed analysis as any thoughtful citizen would desire. The authors have performed a useful public service, nevertheless, in turning out a clear, concise, and readable introduction to the most difficult issues of the day.

Lonesome Pines

KENTUCKY. A Guide to the Bluegrass State. Compiled and Written by the Federal Writers' Project of the Work Projects Administration for the State of Kentucky. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 489 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS latest addition to the WPA series of guides, compiled under the sponsorship of the University of Kentucky, keeps to the high level of format and content that has been set. There is a story, repeated here, of a country preacher who told his flock that heaven was "a Kentucky of a place," and no Kentuckian can easily admit that full justice has been done his State; but the compilers of this have done well. There is a group of chapters, necessarily cursory but sound, on such general aspects as Archeology, History, Agriculture, and so on, among which those on Kentucky Thoroughbreds and on Folk Lore and Folk Music are especially noteworthy (the latter includes both the Elizabethan ballads and carols which are sung naturally among the mountaineers, and the music of the Negroes). There are of course accounts of cities, towns, and show places, arranged in tours, and groups of photographs of scenery, horses, architecture, historic monuments, and so on. Altogether, the book is an invitation to a hospitable State.

By the Author of
PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY

ARTS AND THE MAN

A Short Introduction to Aesthetics

By IRWIN EDMAN

"A BOOK on aesthetics," writes Professor Edman, "is justified not so much by leading the reader to further books on aesthetics, but rather returning him to the arts, a return marked by sharpened and deepened appreciation." *Arts and the Man* affords the reader this opportunity. It describes the general relations of art to the whole of our experience, the origins and functions of the artistic process, and the specific ways in which the arts, through their special media, clarify, vivify and unify our lives. In the concluding chapter, Professor Edman discusses the relation of art to philosophy, throwing new light on the significance of major art and on the imaginative meaning of major philosophies. $1.75

"BOOKS THAT LIVE"

W. W. NORTON & CO.
70 Fifth Avenue, New York

England salutes the new book by the author of
MY SON, MY SON!

"A brave story, delightfully told . . . assured literary skill." —*The Times*, London

"A little book in a great tradition—and foster-child of David Copperfield, Paul Dombey and Oliver Twist; than which no book can need a higher recommendation." —*John O'London's Weekly*

"Delightful." —Evelyn Waugh

"Charming . . . . how his mother would have liked this direct, honest, humorous picture of her." —Sir Hugh Walpole

"It shines with a clear light . . . universal . . . something of the quality of certain phases of life itself." —Geoffrey West, *Time and Tide*

THE VIKING PRESS $2.25

Howard Spring's memoir of growing up
HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

CAPTAIN ABBY AND CAPTAIN JOHN. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Macmillan. 1939. 375 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

It is a great pity that we have apparently lost as a literary form the long historical essay such as Macaulay wrote; for we too often see what might have made an excellent historical study padded out into a repetitious book—like "Captain Abby and Captain John," which, in its finished form, resembles one of those works of ancestral piety written only for circulation in the family. Mr. Coffin has found a chestful of log-books and diaries kept by John Pennell, a Maine sea-captain born in 1827, and by his wife Abby, the principal diarist, who for twenty years voyaged with him all over the world, raising two children on shipboard. He has written a dual biography, based on these papers, quoting from them copiously, with relentless fidelity. Abby tells us of the pumpkin pies she baked and the washing she did, year after year. Mr. Coffin follows her around, constantly calling on us for admiration. If she was impressed by Europe, we must admire her sensibility; if not, we must admire her self-restraint. He tells us in his foreword, "Especially I have put in exclamation points now and again, for both Abby and John, like many Yankees, were quiet and unexclamatory people." And so he supplies, not only the exclamation points, but the exclamations; when Abby calls something "Very pretty," he is at pains to tell us that what she meant is that it was heavenly. Moreover, he is evidently so deeply in love with the Yankee myth that he cannot resist adding even to its less admirable sides.

B. D.

Fiction

BRIDE OF A THOUSAND CEDARS. By Bruce Lancaster and Lowell Brentano. Stokes. 1939. 344 *pp.* $2.50.

Bermuda was a pleasant, easy-going place till the American Civil War stretched out a long arm to touch it. Then, in the high days of the blockade-runners, carrying supplies and luxuries to a doomed Confederacy, it had a few years of frenzied fortune-making, abruptly halted by Lee's surrender and the triumph of the North. Messrs. Lancaster and Brentano paint a colorful, external picture of those daring and troubled years. There is the dashing blockade-runner, Trevor Wyeth; there is copper-haired Sally Cottrell, who falls in love with him; there is Geoffrey Cottrell, whose bull-luck and British self-confidence piles him up a paper fortune for a while. There is also an adequate villain and the usual trimmings of historical romance. And, of course, there is the background and the local color, all very well done, in clean, sunny colors. But the book is a disappointment, from the author of "Guns of Burgoyne." That stayed in your mind and made you wonder about it—it was rich with character and incident, yet the line moved straight to an end. "Bride of a Tnousand Cedars" is another historical novel—pleasant, sufficiently exciting, a trifle overweighted with background. If you know someone who's going to Bermuda—it would be a good book to give.

S. V. B.

ASK THE DUST. By John Fante. Stackpole Sons. 1939. 235 *pp.* $2.

"Ask the Dust" is another heaped and tangled helping of those memories of how it feels to be a young, great, yearning, amorous, and neglected writer, which John Fante began to give us in "Wait Until Spring, Bandini." The portrait is not broadened, nor better defined; it does not mature. This is merely more of the same candid effervescence, ("effervesce: to bubble, hiss, and foam, as carbonated water. To show exhilaration—" Webster's Collegiate Dictionary), beading and bubbling over with every precious remembered frustration and every exultant intimation of immortality. We think Saroyan will like this book very much. It is a sign either of his influence or of the appearance of a kinsprit; it is no disrespect to either man to suggest that Bandini is a character cut wholly out of Saroyan's cloth. And of course that same volatile charm is here, the naive, new-born colors of a world freshly made up as though it had not already existed. It is charming, it is fantasy, and it isn't real, because this is not the true, honest, growing mind of a young artist. To our own way of thinking, Mr. Fante has done enough of this. It is past spring now, and time for Bandini to feel the really great pangs of mortality.

N. L. R.

RAIN BEFORE SEVEN. By Margaret Emerson Bailey. Dodd, Mead. 1939. 346 *pp.* $2.50.

Inhabitants of the remote New England town of North Chelsea went about their dour, crochety ways, in spite of their own fast cars and their new fast neighbors. Their spiritual fortress was an interior ring of secrecy and slyness against the outsider. Let the New Yorkers—the writers and artists and followers of other strange trades—flock in and buy up the outlying hills and meadows, yes, and build modern monstrosities on them. Out there they might rule God's earth, but not as householders in the village. They came to market, charged, and "had sent." But if they came

An American "Little Man, What Now?"

Norman MacLeod's

Novel of the Depression

YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

which tells of New York's Bohemia on the W.P.A. Art Projects; of Gordon who loved beauty, and Sonya who loved Gordon; of cheap liquor and hunger, despair and ultimate discovery. A poet's social audit of the lean years.

"A novel of sensitive beauty and power . . . charged with the poetry of feeling and impression, of sharp and delicate insight."—*The Saturday Review of Literature.*

284 Pages **$2.50**

HARRISON-HILTON BOOKS

420 Madison Avenue **New York City**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Town Meeting their role was to sit and say nothing. What part could they play in those little issues constantly and violently agitating the people of North Chelsea because they were symbols of far greater issues? Even squabbling and back-biting need not be "common" if they be employed in the perpetuation of hallowed histories.

So Joey Dexter, the real estate man whose porch was his summer office, felt sure that Cynthia Arnold, the successful writer from New York, would never be able to get past Miss Abbie Henshawe's front gate, much less buy her place. What chance had an outsider then, and a *writer?* But Cynthia praised Miss Abbie's Crown Imperials wisely, and Miss Abbie "took much stock in her." She sold, and lived on in one wing.

Margaret Bailey's slow-paced novel is sympathetically steeped in the feeling of the "unimproved" New Englanders, as tart as late apples and as sound. The friends of Cynthia's climbing years in New York appear shoddy and unwelcome beside these new ones. The climax, skillfully prepared in the early chapters, is the Town Meeting in action, which vindicates Miss Abbie and Cynthia, and develops to the best of their powers some local stalwarts. Less interesting we find the too elaborated charm of the French painter who paints a portrait, we are told, of Miss Abbie that only a man of her own soil could perhaps achieve. Miss Bailey's portrait of Miss Abbie leaves the reader believing. O. J.

Answers to Quiz No. 4

1. Charlie Chan, by Earl Derr Biggers.
2. C. Auguste Dupin, by Edgar Allan Poe.
3. Father Brown, by G. K. Chesterton.
4. Philo Vance, by S. S. Van Dine.
5. Sherlock Holmes, by A. Conan Doyle.
6. Hercule Poirot, by Agatha Christie.
7. Lord Peter Wimsey, by Dorothy Sayers.
8. Drury Lane, by Barnaby Ross.
9. Ellery Queen, by Ellery Queen.
10. Nero Wolfe, by Rex Stout.

Records in Review

BY EDWARD T. CANBY

IN the category of the not-quite-greatest music of the first rate composers—the 99 44/100% music—we have Victor's recording of *Mozart's Divertimento no. 10, K. 247* (VM-603; $5.50). *Gebrauchmusik* for aristocratic functions, the divertimento was a loose form adaptable to the needs of the moment. Brass and woodwind are used to give volume for outdoor performance. Confusion exists as to whether a string quartet or string orchestra was indicated, but Mozart writes a virtuoso first violin part and gleefully speaks of playing it himself "in a manner to make the people stare." The Philadelphia Orchestra is certainly too large a body for this music, but on the whole no great damage is done, and the set is well worth owning, if only for the delirious last movement. * * * Musicraft presents a newly discovered set of variations by Beethoven on the well-known *Lá ci darem la mano* from "Don Giovanni," for two oboes and English horn (Mus 34; $2). Once the strangeness of this combination is gone this little piece is quite fascinating, and it may be said to have an especial appeal since almost everyone knows the tune. No opus number is given, but it appears to be an early work. * * * Another fine second-rate album is volume two of the "Debussy Preludes" (C M-382; $6) played by Walter Gieseking, who also played volume one for Columbia. Debussy's piano music is strange, exotic almost, and most people on first hearing make nothing of it; but once the mood is understood the nebulosity becomes subtlety, rather than confusion. Gieseking's playing cannot be bettered. * * * In an interesting album of "first-generation" American music ("American Music for Orchestra," V M-608; $8) we have a group of pioneer American composers, free of even a trace of originality of style, devoted to the great European Romantic movement, who nevertheless display a combination of energy and naïveté that is strikingly American. Each of the four men is slave to one of the great: Chadwick's "Jubilee" out-Liszts Liszt; the older Paine—founder of Harvard's music department—writes a Brahmsian classic "Prelude to Oedipus Tyrannus;" MacDowell in the well-known "Dirge" from the "Indian" Suite (least interesting of the whole group) manages to convert American Indian themes into a passable imitation of "Tristan;" and Griffes's "White Peacock" is culture-Debussy. As contrast a short contemporary work, "Night Soliloquy" by Kennan, is included. Inferior but most interesting music, all of it. * * * Again Hindemith appears, this time with a

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE KETTEL MILL MYSTERY *Inez Oellrichs* (Crime Club: $2.)	Snoopy Matt Winters, N. J. milkman with nose for deduction, again outsmarts cops in solution of bank-employee and artist murders.	Small-town business and marital tragedies good basis for well-worked-out story with surprising solution for first death.	Above average
THE D. A. DRAWS A CIRCLE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Cal. small-town d.a. circumvents—and circumscribes—clever metropolitan lawyer, and, with sheriff's help, clears up double murder.	To customarily snappy Gardner dialogue, tricky situations, add legal quirks, machine-gun action, and extra-surprising climax.	Top drawer

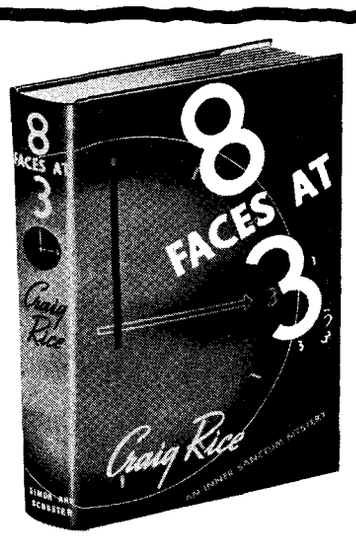
THE WAY OF WESTERN ART 1776-1914

By Edgar P. Richardson

A LUCID and readable discussion, which places American painting, sculpture, and architecture in their relation to the great traditions of modern art, bringing out as no previous volume has done, their correlation with the general development of art in the western world. 176 illustrations.

$4.00 a copy

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS



PRIZE PACKAGE FOR MYSTERY FANS

With action—laughs—chills—fever and a new star team of screwy sleuths.

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY. $2.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work for strings and viola: "Trauermusik," played by himself—funeral music for, of all people, King George V (V 15643; $2). A performance of this work by David Dawson, first violist of the Minneapolis orchestra, on the day war broke was an unforgettable experience; listeners may hear in it many of the perplexities of the German intellectual of today. Strangely enough Hindemith's performance is quite lackluster, as though his passions were exhausted in the composing. * * * John Jacob Niles's album of "Early American Ballads" is a disappointment; his singing is a bad compromise between the trained and untrained, and more important, devoid of rhythm, that essential in folk music. His strokes on the dulcimer have no relation to the rhythm of the song, and the harmonies are essentially pedal-points. Too exotic. * * * Musicraft has launched another of the multiplying organ series with an album of "Bach Organ Fugues," played by Carl Weinrich on the newest Baroque organ to appear in Princeton (Mus 36; $6). This organ follows the principles of Praetorius, who was an authority on organs and composer in the early seventeenth century. Mr. Weinrich's playing is full of energy and speed in contrast to the ponderous dignity of Schweitzer or the exotic colorings of Dupré. The organ is very tiny, and is installed in a small practice room, so that there is not a trace of echo, and one can't avoid noticing a certain absence of traditional grandeur; but this may not be a fault with some listeners. The recording of the organ is otherwise perfect, and the series is begun auspiciously. * * * Finally, for the jaded appetite a Mr. Carrillo has written a piece in quarter, eighth, and sixteenth tones for a specially trained orchestra and soprano. (Preludio a Cristobal Colon, C 7357M; $1.25). It's not music, but it illustrates how conservative most modern music is in matters of pitch.

BERNARD DE VOTO, who at present is editing the Mark Twain papers, says of Franklin J. Meine's definitive edition of

Twain's 1601

"Much the best edition ever printed, and his (Meine's) introduction is useful to people like Mr. Winterich, valuable to people like me, and amusing to everyone except Mr. Davenport and Mr. Cyril Clemens . . . 1601 is immensely funny . . ."

Also included in this edition—the text of the rare first edition and a facsimile of the much sought West Point edition. Distinguished format, boxed—$6. Or write for descriptive literature.

ARGUS BOOKS

333 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HANDWRITING scientifically analyzed. Detailed, individual analysis, $2. Questions answered. Dr. Reiss, formerly Heidelberg, 4410 Broadway, N. Y. C.

THE GRACE OF MISTLETOE AND HOLLY AND CHRISTMAS Long Ago. Antique Swiss Music Boxes. Inlaid Woods; deep, limpid notes. A unique and precious gift. Box 455-D.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—An old time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn. A delightful place all year round. Hills, woods, and water. Excellent food.

SPEND CHRISTMAS through New Years en famille at our old homestead. Gaiety without whoopee. Protestant family. The Farm on the Hill, Box 414, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

EXPERT AND ACCURATE, typing of manuscripts. Moderate rates. Delivered promptly. References. Box 550-D.

LITTLE FROG, female, wants new puddle. Ten years library and business experience. Box 555-D.

BRAINS, BRAWN, PERSONALITY: young woman with wanderlust seeks exciting job anywhere. College and stenographic training; tea room and selling experience; can teach horseback riding and social dancing. References. Miss Betty Walker, 223 Kenyon Ave., Swarthmore, Penna.

SUNNY ARIZONA—Small guest ranch—Heart of cattle country—$100.00 a month—Excellent meals, riding, privacy. Curly Horse Ranch, Sonoita, Arizona.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA. Young Business man will share his small attractive home with Business or Professional person. Box 557-D.

YOUNG WOMAN—Artistic—Original—executive—adaptable, wishes unique remunerative position. Box 556-D.

COUNTRY SCHOOL for your younger boy on Edgerstoune Estate in Princeton, New Jersey. Academic and social program adapted to boy's capacity, permitting admission during session. Prepares for higher institutions. Successful with foreign boys. Aims at good citizenry, correlating school with life. Boys are people. Address: Principal, Edgerstoune, Princeton, New Jersey.

OPTIMISTIC FEMALE, age 50, knows someone needs cheerful companionship, driving, nursing ability, efficient management, adaptability. WHO, WHERE? Box 559-D.

WHO WANTS A HIDEAWAY within forty miles of New York for four winter months? Small house in a large landscape. Insulated, oil furnace, gas, electricity. Low rental to congenial people. References. Apply owner. Box 560-D.

WRITERS' RETREAT. Winter sports. Week ends, longer. Weaver, Montville, New Jersey. Phone.

WORLD FAMOUS beautiful shells. Bright colors. Many designs. Dollar brings box prepaid from tropic isle. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 562-D.

WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND with persons seriously interested in Utopian thought. J. Buckwald, 2917—5th Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSONALS

SMALL RENTAL LIBRARY FOR SALE. Late books in excellent condition. Box 561-D.

YORKSHIRE FRUIT CAKE, Aged in Brandy. Each cake in its own tin and mailing carton. Holiday wrappings. 2 pounds $2.50; 3 pounds $3.50; also larger sizes. Small mailing charge. Mrs. Joseph Nesbit, Media, Pa.

FEMALE, 34, habitat "Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip," craves varied correspondence. Haste, I perish! Box 558-D.

ANYONE holding manuscripts late CHARLES D. ISAACSON, please communicate with Charles D. Isaacson, Jr. "April Hill," Croton-on-Hudson, New York.

BOUNTY MODEL ⅛" scale entirely homemade. Details, photograph on request. Box 563-D.

RESPECTFULLY EMPLOYED man of 26 wishes to hear from girl having at least one unorthodox opinion. Box 518-D.

16 DUPLICATE CONTRACT BOARDS $1.35. Duplicate Board Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

WINTER GUEST WANTED by author & wife, lovely home, quiet Vermont hill-village, 6 hours New York. $17.50 week. Box 564-D.

PLAYWRIGHTS: Professional stage, screen manuscript reviewer provides expert analysis, constructive criticism. Marketing contacts, meritorious scripts. Box 565-D.

MIGRATORY ART GUILD in Guatemala established. 2nd contingent via Mexico in January. Inquire Margo Allen, Cohasset, Mass.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

BOOKPLATES

LARGE ASSORTMENT to choose from. Albums loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

HAVING TROUBLE SELLING YOUR MANUSCRIPTS? Whether you're an established or new writer, we give your work personal attention and efficient study. Our free booklet tells how we help you sell your novels, short stories, books, articles, juveniles. Constructive criticism, ghostwriting, editing, typing, at moderate fees. LYONS & ETTER, 280 Madison Avenue (40th), N. Y. C.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 20 YEARS—Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., at 51st, N. Y. C.

MOST AUTHORS NEED HELP! SALES! to book and magazine publishers, U. S. and foreign. Advice on revision. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park St., Boston, Mass.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED SALES SERVICE for royalty publication: Stories, Novels, Articles, Books. Established manuscript placement record. "New" and "unknown" authors advised, promoted. Write for information. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd St., N. Y.

PAULINE RESNIKOFF—MANUSCRIPTS—excellently typed—corrected. Sincere, intelligent PERSONAL ATTENTION. MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE, 242 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.—LExington 2-4770.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

YOUR REJECTED BOOK, story, article, rewritten and marketed. "Superb collaboration." Finest recommendations; trial. ROBERT L. NEWMAN, 251 West 71st Street, New York.

INDEXING and CATALOGING SERVICE. P. M. Keefer, Box 621, G. P. O., N. Y. C. Tel.: LOngacre 3-5197.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Good Books, Particularly Walt Whitman and Lewis Carroll. Our catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Christopher Morley's PASSIVITY PROGRAM is a collector's item just published by us. Edition limited. Price, $1.50. Send for this and for free catalogue of fine books for collectors at very reasonable prices. THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP, INC., 333 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. Our system locates books of every description, all subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories, London publications specialized in. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your wants for immediate attention. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 117 West 48th Street, Dept. 300, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214. (Established 1921).

AMERICANA
LOCAL HISTORY — GENEALOGY
New Catalogue, 2,000 items just issued.
SCHULTE'S BOOKSTORE, INC.
80 Fourth Avenue (Tenth St.)

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SOURCE AND OUT-OF-PRINT book specialists for Authors, Collectors, Librarians, Researchers, Louis Greenfield, 420 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue (56th), New York's only French Bookshop where French books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mailorder Catalogue, 20c stamps.

GENERAL

"Dictators—Can They Last?" Read about the cycles under which Germany has been making wars for five centuries in Wynn's Astrology Magazine. Get it today.

LANGUAGES

Private or group instruction by former university professor (Ph.D.) in Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, Sanskrit, etc. Moderate rates. Box 549-D.

Coming Next Week

the SRL's

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The biggest reader value of the year. Start your trial subscription with it. Special offer for new subscribers—14 weeks for $1.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
420 Madison Avenue, New York City

Double-Crostics: No. 296

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

	1-F	2-M	3-K		4-B	5-X	6-C		7-L	8-W	9-T	10-O	11-D	12-U	13-N	14-S
15-F	16-P		17-D	18-I	19-R	20-U		21-D	22-B		23-O	24-A	25-S	26-J	27-L	28-N
	29-S	30-M	31-P	32-G		33-H	34-Q		35-A	36-T	37-S	38-F	39-E	40-M	41-N	
42-I	43-U	44-K	45-H		46-A	47-R	48-X		49-R	50-C	51-G		52-Q	53-L	54-B	
55-V	56-M	57-A	58-W	59-S	60-P	61-F	62-O	63-X		64-A	65-I		66-J	67-N	68-G	
69-F	70-M	71-P	72-H	73-X		74-L	75-T	76-D	77-N		78-B	79-D	80-Q		81-E	82-R
83-T	84-X	85-F	86-H		87-C	88-B	89-Q		90-R	91-T	92-X	93-Q	94-Y	95-O	96-A	
97-L	98-A	99-K	100-C		101-V	102-G	103-I	104-K		105-F	106-K	107-V	108-Q	109-I	110-D	
111-N	112-E	113-Y	114-P	115-T		116-C	117-X	118-P	119-N	120-F		121-N	122-J	123-L	124-B	125-R
	126-W	127-S	128-H	129-J	130-O	131-A		132-Q	133-B		134-C	135-A		136-M	137-G	138-E
	139-T	140-L	141-G	142-S		143-N	144-I	145-L		146-M	147-W	148-O	149-N	150-V	151-J	152-H
153-D	154-L	155-A	156-T	157-U		158-Q	159-R		160-W	161-T	162-V	163-Q	164-M	165-O	166-Y	167-A
	168-W	169-P	170-Y	171-J	172-S	173-E	174-X	175-V	176-L	177-O	178-U		179-V	180-S	181-I	182-Y
183-O	184-L															

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Worked up to an intense degree (comp.)
B. Periodical; annual.
C. Youthful, immature.
D. Character in "Ivanhoe."
E. Juvenility.
F. Fluency of tongue.
G. Character in "The Maid's Tragedy."
H. Supreme deity (Zoroastrian).
I. Braggart.
J. Florentine painter (1266?-1337?).
K. Muse of lyric poetry.
L. Quickly discerning (comp.)
M. Surmount.
N. Defended, protected.
O. Quick at contriving.
P. Touched with profound wonder.
Q. Covered with some protecting substance.
R. Lampooner, satirist.
S. City in Holland.
T. Personal pronoun (emphatic).
U. City in Switzerland.
V. Laid aside (comp.)
W. American scientist (1847-1931).
X. Late-ripening red apple.
Y. Slight, hasty repast.

WORDS

98 155 131 46 35 96 64 57 167 24 135
54 4 22 133 124 78 88
100 6 87 50 134 116
79 110 21 76 17 11 153
138 81 173 39 112
69 1 61 105 15 85 38 120
141 102 137 51 32 68
33 128 45 72 152 86
109 144 65 42 18 103 181
122 151 129 66 171 26
106 104 99 3 44
184 53 123 145 7 27 176 97 154 140 74
56 164 2 70 146 30 136 40
111 67 121 13 77 149 143 28 119 41
165 62 148 95 130 23 10 177 183
60 31 71 16 114 118 169
163 108 34 158 93 132 52 80 89
82 49 159 90 19 47 125
172 180 127 59 37 25 29 14 142
156 91 36 115 75 9 161 83 139
20 178 43 157 12
150 101 107 175 162 55 179
160 168 147 126 8 58
48 174 92 84 73 117 63 5
170 166 113 182 94

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

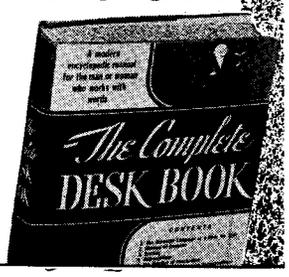
To Split or to Not Split . . .

To split or not to split infinitives, that is the question that has harassed writers since grammar was invented. There are some masters of the language who have written 100,000 sentences without a single split infinitive. Yet there are still two schools of thought about it.

Our language happens to be full of such puzzles. Some of them are explained in one book. Some in another. Worse yet, many of them have never before been written down, only passed on by word of mouth. Now there is a book which has gathered them all permanently between covers, a handy, compact volume that is complete, authoritative, and right up-to-date. Its title is

THE COMPLETE DESK BOOK

by C. O. S. MAWSON and JOHN ROBSON



A modern encyclopedic manual for the man or woman who works with words

WHETHER you write letters, novels, or Ph.D. theses, *The Complete Desk Book* will put you right in a second on such heretofore time-consuming matters as misuses of grammar, spelling, abbreviations, punctuation, form, italics, figures and numerals, word division, sourcebooks, trans-literation of foreign languages, indexing, preparing mss., proofreading, typography and design. Its chapters on Capitalization and Compounding are the best in print. Its preparation has taken years of painstaking work by C. O. Sylvester Mawson, editor of *Roget's Thesaurus,* and John Robson. Price, only $2.50, bound in heavy, reinforced cloth for lasting service.

NOTE: An indispensable companion volume to *The Complete Desk Book* is *ROGET'S INTERNATIONAL THESAURUS.* This is the most complete thesaurus available, and the only large-type edition. Be sure to ask your bookseller for the *International* Edition.

Crowell

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
432 Fourth Avenue, New York

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

UNIVERSAL regret was felt in the trade at the death of Frederick A. Stokes (in his 83rd year, we believe). Mr. Stokes was the founder of his honored imprint in 1881 and active in the business until a few weeks before his death. ☞The Chaucer Head Bookshop, now at 22 East 55, has issued an attractive 15th anniversary catalogue. An 1890 *Firm of Girdlestone* (A. Conan Doyle) should be tempting to the Sherlock Holmes collector, as in that book one may find (we maintain) a parallel appearance of the famous landlady Mrs. Hudson. ☞We have had a number of inquiries about Lusty's Turtle Oil Shaving Soap. So far as we know it must be ordered direct from John Lusty, Turtle Importer, Limehouse, London, E. If we hear of a local supplier we will inform.

☞Modern Age Books announce $1,000 award for "the best novel dealing with American youth," submitted before May 1, 1940. The sponsor of the award is the Kaufmann department store of Pittsburgh. Entry blanks from Modern Age Books, 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C. ☞Jean Sargent of Lippincotts writes that Farrar & Rinehart night at the Booksellers Association of Philadelphia was a great success, with a record attendance of 165.

☞Old Q. is not at all dogmatic in his suggestions for Christmas book-giving. Our own private opinion is that of the many art books we have seen this fall, the most beautiful and thoughtful is Booth Tarkington's *Some Old Portraits* (Doubleday, $5). But there will always be some recipients who will estimate an art book by its overall size and weight of coated paper and colored ink. ☞Mr. Tarkington says in his preface, "when we stand before a portrait there are three parties to the transaction, the painter, his sitter, and ourselves." ☞Ideally, therefore, there are six relativities to consider: what the painter thought of the sitter; what the painter thought of his public; what the sitter thought of the painter; what the sitter thought of the public; what the public thinks of the painter; and what the public thinks of the sitter. ☞To some friends nothing could be more moving than James Thurber's parable in pictures, *The Last Flower* (Harpers, $2), but it requires for full enjoyment the synthetic simplicity of the highly developed. Primitively simple people will just be puzzled. ☞Anyone not too deeply bemused by strong tea and crumpets will be delighted by a beautiful and intelligent book about Oxford, by Christopher Hobhouse (Random House, $3) but may be startled by the author's vigorous debunking of much legendary nonsense. The dean of every college for women should be compelled to read what Hobhouse says about the female undergraduates of Oxford and their earnest docilities. ☞A college professor looking over the recent books in our eyrie fell with joy upon Esther Dunn's *Shakespeare in America* (Macmillan, $3.50) which traces the Swan's queer changes of plumage among his American readers and spectators, from the 17th century till now. ☞Any idealist who finds his mind in flux might be excited by a symposium edited by Malcolm Cowley and Bernard Smith, in which a dozen penserosoes of the *New Republic* eagerly and gratefully describe *Books That Changed Our Minds.* The most amusing remark in this work is the confession that "Pareto was omitted from our list by almost universal consent." (Doubleday, $2.50). ☞For the collector-minded who are slightly freckled with conscious Art there can never be a richer Xmas tree than a subscription to *The Colophon* (Pynson Printers, $15). ☞Dauber & Pine's 250th catalogue (66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.) offers *Dame Wiggins of Lee and Her Seven Wonderful Cats,* Kate Greenaway illustrations, for $5. ☞Norman Hall, the philosophic bookseller of Newton Centre, Mass., says "signing your name illegibly is, like wearing threadbare dinnerclothes, a sign you have arrived at a superior social stratum."

☞We are specially excited to see that the Yale University Press offers a companion-piece to their famous Xmas card about Fra Giovanni and the Contessina Allagia. The new one, printed apparently from a rubric recently discovered, gives the Contessina's reply to the old friar. ☞In re the matter of English sheepdogs, mentioned here some while ago, Mr. Arthur Tilley the famous breeder of Shepton Mallet, Somerset, writes that constantly increasing carriage and shipping and insurance charges make the offer of £10 for puppies no longer possible. The latest figure mentioned was £17, but in such uncertain conditions it is best to communicate direct with Mr. Tilley. ☞Mrs. Kingsley, inventor of our Double-Crostics, was greatly pleased by a story in the *N. Y. Times* stating that Mr. Grew, U. S. ambassador to Japan, uses them "as a life-saving mental diversion from the wickedness of statesmen." ☞A startling note for H. L. Mencken collectors appears in the new catalogue of Philip Duschnes, 507 Fifth Avenue. It appears that in 1910 Mr. Mencken collaborated in writing a work entitled *What You Ought to Know about Your Baby.* Mr. Duschnes offers a copy for $6. ☞*Twice a Year,* an unusual semi-annual "of literature, the arts and civil liberties," is issuing two numbers in one, in book form, on account of a pressure of important matter. It contains new work by Andreas Latzko, Arthur Schnitzler, Havelock Ellis, Salvemini, Saroyan, Marsden Hartley, and many others.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED